

You'll Never Have to be Alone... (Because I will always be by your side)

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You'll Never Have to be Alone... (Because I will always be by your side)

by [TheLittleStar_tm](#)

Summary

Dream lives in Flordia. George? He lives in England.

Things are fine how they are, George lives a pretty average life. Yeah? all his friends are overseas. But he talks to them every day, distance was never really a problem.

That is.. until George starts feeling like he's being watched.

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Basically, George lives alone in England. He was fine with living alone... until he goes in public he feels like he's being watched. And when the death threat was delivered to his doorstep? He really wished his friends were closer.

UPDATES??? WHO AM I KIDDING ASAP (Normally within a weeks time)

Just a normal day in my average, uneventful life

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!! Ahhh! Thank you so much for taking the time to check out my fic!! So, for the first chapter, it's actually pretty uneventful. It just sort of lays down the dream team group dynamic with some soft playful banter. (I'm sorry if the first chapter isn't very good... I am not the best at writing fluff.) I swear after this chapter things start to ramp up with our first introduction to angst at the beginning of chapter 2!! I have a lot planned for this story, with it ending out to be somewhere around 15-20 chapters. (Yes I have storyboarded it out, and everything, so I know how it ends >:D) But, buckle up! because you are in for a wild ride. I want to get chapter 2 out asap, so we can have some interesting conflict going which will entice people to actually stay and read. Expect it within a week max.

Disclaimer- If George, Dream, or Sapnap ever speak out against me writing this fic, I will delete it immediately. I don't wanna upset anyone! Especially Dream and George considering I will be shipping them together in this fic.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“DREAM NO!”

George screams into the microphone as his screen flashes red, displaying the all too familiar ‘*GeorgeNotFound was slain by Dream*’ at the top of his screen. Dream laughs at George’s misfortune, they’d been PvPing on stream for about 2.5 hours now, and George had only won a handful of matches. And those matches had been close- *with handicaps* . So basically, To put it lightly, Dream had been wiping the floor with him- and George was not having it.

“Woww... Who would have predicted that outcome.” Sapnap comments sarcastically through voice.

“Shutup Sapnap.” George quips shortly as he provides himself a new set of Diamond enchanted armor and axe. He runs over to Dream’s character (who was decked out in full Iron) and hits him in the back to get his attention.

“Again.”

Dream chuckles before switching his hand to an axe and takes a swing at George’s shield. George successfully blocks it but somehow Dream manages to land a hit on him by quickly following through. George takes a swing only to miss completely, then be hit again by Dream. His health

flashes from six hearts to three- realizing the pickle he found himself in- George screeches as he turns and runs, causing Dream to chuckle.

“C’mere George! You’re Dead!” Dream yells, swinging his axe recklessly behind George.

“Dream- No- *Please!* ”

Despite George's screams, he still sported a big grin on his face. He giggles slightly as he tries to use a tree to boost himself forwards. Knowing all too well that the chances of him actually getting away are slim to none. Suddenly, his character is hit from behind- depleting his health down to half a heart. George lets out a strained squeal as he tries to get away when-

“NOO!”

George's screen flashes red as Dream bursts out in laughter. George presses his hands to his face and groans in frustration. The outcome was expected, but nonetheless infuriating. He lays his hands back down onto the keyboard and respawns- then proceeds to type */kill Dream* into chat, killing Dream instantly.

“George-” Dream laughs as he respawns, only to be killed instantly yet again. Dream tries to respawn again, to be met with the same outcome as the past two tries. A big grin spreads across George's face on facecam as he sits there silently spamming the command.

“George let me go.”

George doesn't respond as he kills Dream yet again. and again. and again.

“Well someone is baby raging.” Sapnap states. Moments later George's screen flashes red as he falls out of the world. When he respawns he runs to a nearby village and shuts himself inside one of the small houses. But, within a few seconds Dream would be opening the door, walking inside then closing the door behind him.

“Go away Dream.”

“Oh c'mon George... you know you love me.” Dream teases.

“Do not.” George scoffs, rolling his eyes. Now that was a phrase George was all too familiar with. Dreams humor tended to tread around the realm of flirtatiousness. Constantly he would ask George for a kiss or confess his love to George. But along with that, the fandom had picked up Dreams humor, and has now become invested in trying to get George to say it back. Sometimes they would go as far as trying to trick him into saying it through a play off of words. Sometimes things would get a little intense- but that was just Dream's sense of humor. Dream liked to flirt with people to get a reaction out of them. Never was there any real implications or feelings behind those words. And George knew that.

Despite how much he questioned it at times.

“Dream don't get ahead of yourself. We all know that George loves me more.”

Dream chuckles “Yeah right.”

“You know I'm speaking the truth. I mean come on, you've seen the way he looks at me. He finds me irresistible.”

“Sapnap, weren't you the one that was calling me a bad pvper earlier?” George pondered, raising an eyebrow.

“Water under the bridge Georgie.”

“All right that's enough.” Dream states cutting into their banter. He leaves George and runs out into the field, reequipping his axe. “Sapnap I think it's time we go a couple rounds.”

“George, take notes.” Sapnap jokes, with a hint of confidence seeping into his voice.

George scoffed. Sapnap was almost as confident as Dream- if not moreso. Sapnap probably fully believed that he could take down Dream in a 1v1, or at least get a better win to lose ratio than George did. Sapnap also fell under the category of flirtatious humor, maybe not in the same exact way Dream was, but the idea of it was just how their group was. Normally Dream and Sapnap would throw around some jokes and George would be caught in the middle of it. He can't say he minded though, sometimes it was fun to sit back and listen to their banter. It made him feel

worthwhile.

George caught himself- Was that pitiful? Maybe. George cringed a little at the thought of wanting Dream and Sapnap 'fighting' over him to feel worthwhile. Yeah, George could admit to himself he probably was the least confident out of the three of them- in fact, he could guarantee that. He wasn't like... *down* on himself. It's just, he wasn't as confident in his own skin persay. He worries about his actions, and can easily be flustered. Not to mention he doesn't do well in high-stress situations at all. Sapnap and Dream on the other hand? They both performed very well under pressure. George couldn't help but envy them. ***Imagine a world where you didn't constantly second guess yourself.***

George parkoured onto the top of the green pillar on the edge of the field to watch Dream and Sapnap fight from above. They did a lot of trading hits, but about 85% of the time Dream came out on top. This continued for a while, allowing George to sit back and mute as he read through a couple donations he had neglected earlier. And after a little bit, George looked down at his stream time, noticing it approaching 3 hours.

"Alright guys, I think I am going to go ahead and end the stream now." He announced to his friends and the stream.

They both stopped fighting as the youngest spoke out first. "Bye Georges stream, I love you more than he does."

"That would be incorrect Sapnap." George states as Dream laughs before running in front of George's character, punching the air.

"We love you guys so much. Every single one of you guys."

"Hope you guys have a great rest of the day! Thank you for coming out of the stream. Bye!" George waves at the camera as both of his friends chime in sending their farewells. George clicks the end stream icon before sighing and leaning back in his chair.

"Well I'd say that was a successful stream." Dream comments.

"I agree, did you get any weird donations this time round?" Sapnap questions, George reaches out to grab his mouse to scroll through some of the donations he didn't get to read aloud.

“Most of it was tame today. A lot of it was people asking me to say hi or happy birthday. Occasionally I got some trick donations that were trying to say *you know what* to Dream. But nothing really bad.”

“All of your stans are pretty tame. I feel like I am the only one that gets those weird comments on stream.” Sapnap mumbles while his character runs around jumping on things within the minecraft window.

“You’re not the only one, I get those too. Along with the ones that talk about triggering things... I don’t really know what to do with them.” Dream states

“Those are the worst- I mean how do you even respond to those? I get those all the time and all I can think of is ‘I’m sorry to hear that’.”

George fiddles with the cord on his headset slightly as he thinks. His voice finds some sound as he thinks aloud, “That’s just really sad.”

“I know. For the inappropriate comments I just kind of ignore them, I don’t really care and even if I did there’s no way to stop them. So why bother?” Dream pauses. “And... for the other concerning comments- I try to give advice when I can... but there’s only so much you can do as a content creator. And honestly. We aren’t anybody’s therapists, I don’t know exactly what you’re supposed to do in those types of situations.”

“Couldn’t have said it better brotha.” Sapnap quips, shifting the mood from one of melancholy to slight jokingness. “All I know is my fanbase is pretty chill. We just be vibing over here on instagram live at like five am in the morning.”

“I think we all have pretty good fandoms. Everyone is very supportive, I really couldn’t ask for a better fanbase.”

“Except when they are trying to cancel you-” Sapnap remarks jokingly, Dream laughs.

“That doesn’t happen that often- and it’s just the loud minority... the majority of my fanbase is fine.”

“Dream we all know over half your fanbase is a bunch of George stans.”

“Pft- what no.” Dream laughs.

“It's true, they just can't resist his pretty little face.”

“Sapnap!” George gasps, flustered.

“What? I am just spitting facts.”

Dream wheezes at George's reaction and then the rest of them burst out laughing. After a moment it all dies down, George picks up the conversation.

“Doesn't 'stan' stand for something like 'stalker fan' or whatever?”

Sapnap hums in acknowledgment “Normally it does, but I think in our fandom they use it alot to describe like, hardcore fans. I honestly don't think some of them know the true meaning of it.”

George processes for a moment before speaking up yet again. “Does having 'stans' bother you?”

“No? To me they are just like normal fans just more active within the fanbase. Maybe if they actually 'stalker fans' I would be bothered by it. But that doesn't really seem to be the case.”

“Dream?”

Dream's character continues to jump around ingame as he ponders the question. “Not really. You can't really control what other people do. And I don't mind the support.” Dream's character stops for a moment to look at George's character. “Does it bother you?”

“No- not at all.” George states quickly.

“Then I probably am just going to leave it be, they can go by whatever they want. Them calling themselves ‘stans’ isn’t really harming anyone. And it's not like they are actually ‘stalker fans’. Most of them are a bunch of kids.”

Sapnap chuckles at that, before he morphed his voice into some high pitched impersonation mimicking a cartoon character. “*And I would have gotten away with it too- if it weren’t for you meddling kids!*”

Dream starts to cackle as George laughs “Sapnap did you just make a scooby doo reference?”

Before Sapnap got a chance to answer, Dream abruptly starts to sing; “*SCOOBY-DOOBY-DO. WHERE ARE YOU? WE GOT SOME WORK TO DO NOW.*”

George laughs as Sapnap joins Dream in his antics, continuing to sing the theme song. “*SCOOBY-DOOBY-DO. WHERE ARE YOU? WE NEED SOME HELP FROM YOU NOW.*”

George at this point is beaming as he sports a wide grin from ear to ear. He giggles, Sapnap and Dream are his best friends, that's for sure. He loved every moment he spent with them. Not only were they easy to talk to when it came to serious topics, but they were god damn hilarious when they wanted to be. George wouldn’t trade them for the world. And as he sat back in his chair listening to his two friends goof off reciting some old ass theme song- he thought about how happy he was right then and there.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo.... What did you guys think? Uneventful. I know, but I swear there's a lot coming!!! I just thought I give you guys a breather before we dive in! Feel free to leave comments and critiques. I would love to hear them.

Some notes about the chapter:

-The pvp part was kinda in reference to the pvp stream from George? I didn't take any conversation from it, but I started the idea for the fic right after that stream occurred.

-haha yeah the talk about the donations was also in reference to some problems with donations in Sapnaps streams lately. Please don't send triggering stuff guys!! They aren't therapists... and they can't really do much to help. Feel free to reach out to me if you need too! but if you are really low down in the dumps, then you might want to seek professional help.

-I have nothing against stans!!! I am one myself lol. I just think the literal meaning of stan is funny. And it mightttt play into the fic later :P

-Also haha George I hope you're happy. Cause it's not going to stay that way I promise

Hope you all have a fantastic day!! <3

I don't want to feel like a burden to you

Chapter Notes

I AM SO SORRY!!! I know I said a week- but then between school and also this chapter being 2x longer than chapter 1... it ended up taking a little longer. I am not really fond of the chapter... and I never got my friend to look at it so expect there to be a lot of typos and just bad story writing lmao. I just wanted to get it posted even if it is bad though because I feel bad for making people wait haha.. (btw... if anyone wants to be a beta reader for me that might be pog...) But! I have decided I need a schedule- so sporadic posting like this stops happening. I feel like giving myself a deadline will keep me on track, and will make me more motivated to finish on time. So... I have decided to post every SUNDAY!!! With the occasional double post on Wednesday when I am ahead. Haha, this schedule might change.. but! for now we will say its that. I hope you guys enjoy my sub par writing!!! :P

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next morning George woke up to the familiar sounds of the busy streets outside his apartment.

London was a busy place, people were constantly buzzing around- having places to go, people to see. You almost could never find an empty street no matter what the time of day. Of course there are influxes at different hours, rush hour was a thing in London- but despite what time it was almost always loud. So it didn't matter regardless.

George sits up and swings his legs over the edge off the bed, leaning forward to run his fingers through his hair to fluff out his bed head. He sat there for a minute to try and blink away the residual grogginess he had in the mornings, before reaching out to check his phone. He looks to the numbers at the top of the screen.

12:37 PM

Oh. Perfect. He didn't have a recording session till eight o'clock. So he had about 7 hours to kill. Tonight he was filming another 3v1 manhunt with Dream, Sapnap, and Bad (was it the finale? The final finale? He didn't even know). His lip quirks up into a slight smile at the thought. Him and the other hunters have been preparing for weeks, walking through game plans and even practicing some PVP. There was no way Dream was going to come out on top this time. Every time Dream had won so far were all close calls- last ditch efforts in the end. And at least in Georges mind, all those times weren't well planned out on the hunters part. So with their new sense of preparedness, George was convinced Dream didn't stand a chance.

George opened up twitter on his phone and started to scroll through the timeline. It sort of became a part of his morning routine to check twitter mainly because if you leave twitter alone for more than a day you're bound to miss something. George looks through tweets from his friends mixed in with the tweets of a few fans that he followed. Everything seemed pretty normal- no drama (luckily). George went to the search bar and typed in *#GeorgeNotFoundFanart* before scrolling through the results. George liked a couple posts before stumbling upon a drawing of him, Dream, and Sapnap hugging. He smiles, examining the photo. It was very well done- all 3 of them were drawn in normal people clothes, including Dream who had his signature facemask strapped to the side of his head, but still allowing his eyes and smile to be visible.

It was always interesting to see how the artists would depict Dream in their drawings. Despite Dream not having a face reveal- people still insisted drawing him in human form (which was probably for the best- considering his minecraft skin). Dream would mention sometimes that some of the art was actually pretty accurate, but it's not like George would know- he's never seen Dream's face before.

George thumbed the picture as he zoomed into certain little details as he dove further into thought. Dream was his best friend, he had been for years, but yet he still has no idea what he looks like in real life. And... that kind of made him... sad? He gets Dream needs his privacy and all, he just wishes that dream would maybe... trust him? George sighs, he understood that the idea of showing his face probably just made him uncomfortable- it wasn't meant to be something to be taken personally...

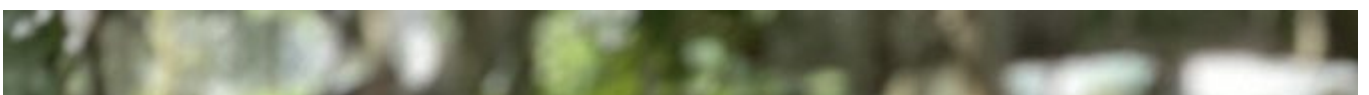
George thumbed at the picture a little bit more- *man what he would give to see Dream actually smile*- before clicking off. He scrolled down into the comments of the thread, smiling as he saw various compliments and praises of the artwork. That is... until his smile faded when a certain comment caught his eye...

“Hey, I love your art style. But is there any way you could crop out George?”

George's heart sank as he read the comment over and over again. Crop him out? Why would they — he pauses, then hesitantly tapped on the profile of the user. Maybe... it was some sort of troll account.

At first glance the profile looked pretty normal, they had a normal username and bio that would match up to any other stan account.

But their most recent posts on the other hand... were kind of upsetting..







hannahwastaken :)



@dreamstanwastaken1

I don't really understand why Dream or Sapnap keep George around. I mean he's really just deadweight. Not only is he not good at minecraft, but he isn't funny either. 11:37 AM - 11 June



2020



3



97







hannahwastaken :)



@dreamstanwastaken1

Why the fuck is Dream simping over George I mean COME ON. Dream could do soo much better. George is like a shell of a human. Dream is way out of his league. 10:59 PM - 10 June 2020



4

106

George bit his bottom lip nervously as a dreadful weight set in on his shoulders. An abundance of conflicting thoughts ran through Georges head- did people really think that way? Obviously so, people had liked and retweeted. But.. that's just a minority. He's not *actually* dead weight right? He did stuff- and his friends enjoyed his company.

George's body was tense. Who knew social media could cause so much stress? He hesitates, before clicking on the replies of the second tweet- maybe people were defending him... or something.

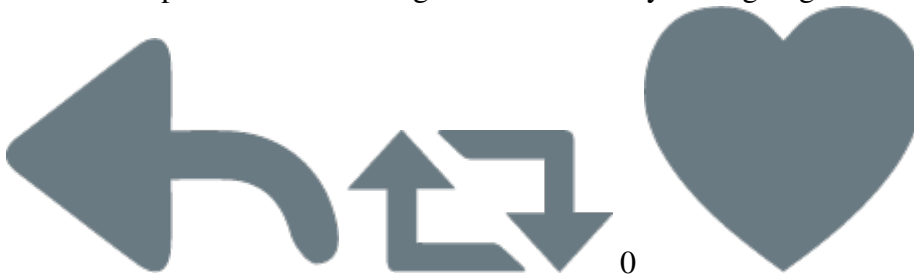


FUNDY IS CUTEE



@fundyiscool

@dreamsimpwastaken1 kinda agree.. I never really liked george :/ 11:16 PM - 10 June 2020



0

22

□ James



@dreamteamftw14

@dreamstanwastaken1 George just isn't interesting. Whenever he streams all he does is read out

donations. He has no character. 11:54 PM - 10 June 2020



2



31



juniper ♡•••?



@harvynskeppy132

@dreamstanwastaken1 Honestly would rather see Sappnap and Dream together. You know, they are actually funny. And I think they would be a pretty good power couple. 1:32 AM - 11 June 2020



0



11



Happy



@happynaps

@dreamstanwastaken1 I think that Dream and Sapnap only keep him around out of pity. I mean who wouldn't? I don't think Dream actually likes him, I think he's too nice of a person and is



constantly trying to include him. 4:44 AM - 11 June 2020



2



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George turned off his phone, throwing it down on his bedsheets as he quickly moved to stand, walking to the bathroom.

As he walked tears pricked in his eyes as he ran a hand through his hair in an attempt to quell some of the rising doubts in his mind.

His friends didn't think that- right? It's the internet, nothing is true on the internet he knew that.

But what if they were right. Maybe his friends just pitied him, and that's why they were willing to spend time with him. *Because they felt bad* .

He shook his head. No. The internet is toxic- and he knew that.. the internet is so so *toxic-*

... but why did he feel like they weren't wrong..?

Things were not going according to plan.

Of course Dream had a new set of tricks up his sleeve- for starters he literally spawn trapped the nether portal with lava, killing all 3 of them and burning all of their stuff before they even got the chance to stop Dream from finding the fortress.

That ruined plan A and plan B. Plan A was to try and kill Dream in the nether while Equipped with enchanted armor and weaponry. But if Dream managed to get away, or if they decided that Dream could possibly kill them with their armor and set back their progress- Plan B was to fall back, get a blaze rod to make a brewing stand, then to destroy the spawners if Dream hadn't found the fortress yet.

Neither of these plans were plausible without the nether.

So with their progress destroyed, George, Sapnap, and Bad were scrambling to get enough stuff to put up a fight in the end.

"George- Take this."

George whips around to face Bad as he starts to drop a set of Iron armor with a diamond sword. They had found 9 diamonds since their respawn, so it was decided to use 1 for an enchanting table, and the rest for tools.

Speaking of which, Sapnap heads back down the cave with obsidian in his hand, handing it all to Bad. Bad then proceeded to craft a Enchanting table, then setting it down in front of them.

Silently they enchanted. Most likely this section won't make it into the video, because nobody was talking, and Dream probably wasn't doing something very interesting. That happened a lot in manhunt videos, often the 4 of them would refrain from talking in slower moments like this to try to prevent revealing what they were doing.

Dream has made the advancement [Eye Spy]

"What." Sapnap states in disbelief as Dream laughs in response. Bad breaks the enchantment table and picks it as he turns to George and Sapnap.

"Guys we need to go check your compasses."

George looks down at his compass. It pointed north. As he looked back up Sapnap would already be digging them a tunnel out to the overworld, Bad close behind.

George hesitates. Bad and Sapnap have done most of the heavy lifting now that he thinks about it. Bad was the one that found the diamonds while Sapnap got the obsidian for the enchantment table, not to mention that when they chased down Dream at the beginning, George was the first to die, losing all of their food in the process.

Ha. Maybe they were right, I'm just deadwei-

"-rge. Earth to George."

George blinked as he moved his mouse causing his character to whip around. Bad was standing at the entrance of the tunnel they made to the surface.

"C'mon we need to go."

“Oh- Right, yeah sorry.”

George quickly moves to follow Bad up the finished tunnel to the surface. Once up top they met up with Sapnap and proceeded to run in the direction of the red needle.

George entered the end first.

Well, technically Dream entered about 10 minutes before them- so he was first. But George was the first hunter.

After a moment of ensuring that the spawn wasn't trapped again, Sapnap and Bad followed suit. The spawn was up in the air, and was already bridged across the mainland. By the looks of it, all the crystals were gone, but the dragon had almost all of its health- which was... weird. Considering the time Dream had in the end.

“Oh Dreamm~”

Sapnap called as he sprinted across the bridge as the other two followed.

“Oh Sapnap~”

Dream called back as he ran to the middle as the Dragon circled back looking to land.

“There he is!” Bad yelled, throwing a pearl to land right by Dream, to hit him away from the bed. Sapnap followed Bads lead, flanking Dream from the side to land a hit while George moves to break the bed that Dream had placed down under the dragon. Then-

“AHHHH!!” George screeches as he is flung about a hundred blocks in the air. He switches to the water bucket in his inventory as Bad and Sapnap call out his name.

3..

2..

1..

He lands successfully.

Dream is on the run behind one of the pillars bowing back Bad and Sapnap. George runs in their direction and then Bad pulls back and starts to run in the other direction.

“Aah! I'm low! I'm low!”

Dream notes Bads distress and tries to target him specifically, but George notes this tactic and cuts him off, hitting him away from Bad successfully.

“Get him!!” Sapnap yells as he joins George in his attack, Dream blocks a hit from George but then is hit from the side from Sapnap. Dream lowers his shield and turns and runs.

“Oh god-“ Dream states and Sapnap bursts out laughing as he and George chase from behind.

“You're so low, come here!”

By this point Bad had joined back into the fray, having a moment to regenerate his health. They all chased Dream to the edge of the map, before Dream scaled down the side of a cliffside, before

entering a thin 2 block tall tunnel. George led the way as all three of them followed as Dream boosted himself down the long hall. Suddenly, Dream reached the end, blocking himself off with a layer of cobblestone. George starts to mine the cobblestone when the registers the sound of a lever followed by the hiss of... a creeper..? But-

TNT-

“GUYS ITS A TRAP-“ George screams as he tries to run backwards down the hallway- but it’s too long- and then-

BOOM.

Sapnap was blown up by Dream

GeorgeNotFound was blown up by Dream

BadBoyHalo was blown up by Dream

“YESSSS!!”

Dream yells as George stares at his death screen in disbelief. Dream laughs in triumph while Bad mutters ‘oh my goodness’- Sapnap sighs before speaking up.

“What was that-“

Dream just laughs in response- most likely finishing off the dragon. Most of the time Dream doesn’t really explain his tricks till after the video.

“George! Why did you lead us down the long tunnel- it obviously was a trap!” Bad whined.

“ What- Me?! We all went down it!”

“I was just following you guys!”

“If you knew it was a trap why didn't you say something?”

“Because you both went down it you muffin heads! I was in the back too so I couldn’t see anything. But since it was a long carved out hole it was obviously a trap- we talked about this!”

“Girls- Girls!” Sapnap yelled. “We still got this come on.”

George finally respawned to see Sapnap kill some sheep at spawn collecting their wool. That’s right- maybe they could make some beds to use as explosions. It’s not like they had anything to lose-

Dream has made the advancement [Free the End]

“Haha, yesss!!” Dream cooed as the rest of the groaned.

“GG.” Sapnap stated.

“Ugh! We were so close-“ Bad commented with a frustrated undertone before teleporting to Dream.

Sapnap changed into creative mode as he started to fly around. “What the hell was that trap from earlier- like- how the hell did you cause that big of an explosion.”

Dream laughed a little. “Haha- I made a TNT trap out of some red stone and a lever. I needed a way to kill you guys just in case you guys made it to the end. Normally if it ends up being a 3v1 in the end I lose because it's hard to balance all three of you and the dragon.”

George teleports his character into the end, surveying the area. One side of the map would have a big crater blown out of it in a shape of a line. George inspects it while speaking up.

“How did you even get that much TNT?”

“I uh- ended up coming across 2 dessert temples. And then I got some extra sand and gunpowder to make some more.” Dream stated simply, bouncing around the map.

George hums in acknowledgment before falling silent yet again. He hadn't talked that much during that manhunt, partly because he didn't really need too. Sapnap and Bad were both very loud people. They liked to bark out orders all the time, and were very vocal about things they were doing. This allowed George to basically shadow them the whole time. But he didn't really mind, his somber mood kind of called for it anyways.

George leaned back in his chair and pulled out his phone, zoning out of the conversation occurring within his headset. He opens up twitter for the second time that day, and scrolls mindlessly through his timeline. It was all normal. Just daily tweets from other creators like Tommy advertising his daily stream or Punz's couple tweets a day. He considered looking through fanart again- but quickly decided against it, not really wanting to run into anything else for the second time that day.

Instead George spent a little bit longer checking basic things, before setting his phone back down. Focusing back in on his monitor in front of him, he moves the mouse of his computer while resting his other hand on his keyboard. George's character starts running aimlessly around the map, jumping up and down the edges of blocks, not really having any sense of direction.

George registered Bad, Sapnap, and Dream discussing something stupid, but decided to not pay any mind to it. Instead he let his own mind wander, recounting the events of the manhunt along with the events earlier in the day. He compared and contrasted the two, how much did he actually help during the manhunt? He was the first one to realize that the tunnel in the end was a trap- but he realized it far too late so that didn't matter now did it?

George sat in complete silence other than the light tapping of his spacebar until a voice cut through his thoughts.

“Hey George-”

George blinks as he hums in acknowledgment to directly being addressed. After a moment George connects the voice in question to belong to Dream.

“Are you going to log off...?” Dream says slowly. George pauses, glancing over to the ingame chat seeing that both Bad and Sapnap had already left. George then looks over to his second monitor, to see that it was just him and Dream left in the teamspeak- how did he miss Bad and Sapnap leaving?

“Oh- right. Sorry.” George says quickly as he exits out of minecraft, closing down the window.

“Its fine.” Dream states, hesitating only for a moment before continuing. “Um, George are you alright?”

George pauses, taking in the question. As far as he knew, everything was fine, yeah there were some minor things bothering him- but it wasn't like anything was *deliberately* wrong...

“Yeah I am fine, why?”

“Uh I don’t know you’ve just been quiet today.”

“Oh. Yeah, I just wasn’t feeling the best today. I didn’t feel like talking over Sapnap and Bad.”

Dream hums, considering George's response. “Okay... Well, if something is bothering you- you can always talk to me or Sapnap alright?”

“Yeah, I know.” George states quietly, allowing the two to fall into a somewhat comfortable silence.

“Well I am going to get going. I have to download the footage from today.”

George chuckles lightly “Yeah, haha, I probably should head to bed anyway... Goodnight Dream.”

“Goodnight George.”

George hovers his mouse over the end call button, and clicks as Dream disappears.

Chapter End Notes

Well... That wasn't very poggers...

Sometimes even the littlest things on the internet can hurt. Whether the voice is big or small, words are words, and they mean something.

George in this fic has a little bit of inner turmoil when it comes to what other people think, especially his friends. No, this fic doesn't plan on being one where George is super depressed or anything like that. it's just that he constantly questions where his status is amongst other people.

For the manhunt section, I decided to make my own version.. because I didn't want to write about a video everyone had already seen before! (I also didn't do 4v1 because I don't know much about Antfrost.. and I feel like I wouldn't do him justice writing about him.

Sorry if the chapter was boring :/ or the writing wasn't very good. This chapter was a struggle. but its all setup for the rest of the fic. We might or might not have some live action coming up in chapter 3.... stay tuned.

Thank you so much for giving me a chance haha! (and congrats if you actually made it through the author's notes lmao..)

Someone needs to teach you how to dress

Chapter Notes

I-

Look. I know I said Sunday- but then school decided to yeet me off a bridge so here we are. The schedule might be a little wonky, but I wanna try to post this Sunday for realzies. Because I don't like not having a schedule :((I hope you enjoy the chapter! Its probably the most intense one yet. BTW! I am still looking for a beta reader/someone to bounce story ideas off of if anyone is interested. haha since I don't have one yet expect there to be typos and grammatical errors. I don't proofread lmao. Enjoy! (So sorry for the delay)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George probably only left his apartment like- twice a week on a normal week. All he had to do was the occasional grocery shopping and maybe one other errand.

That's sort of the thing with working from home, you don't need to leave your house to make an income. Therefore, there's really no reason to leave your house.

Especially when you're like George and your social life is solely online.

George found himself in a navy blue windbreaker walking down the street heading to the nearest Grocery. It was only a couple blocks away from his apartment, so he didn't feel the need to take the bus. He glanced at his phone, he only had about 3 hours before he needed to be home again. He had another scheduled recording session with Sapnap and Dream- this time some sort of "Minecraft but.." challenge that is going to go on Sapraps channel.

George slid his phone back into his hoodie pocket while holding his hands underneath the fabric. It was mid-autumn and the city had started to pick up a cold breeze. Not enough of a temperature change to warrant winter clothing, but enough to a breeze can be slightly uncomfortable.

He keeps his head down while walking with the crowd on the busy sidewalks, before peeling off and walking into the brightly colored interior of the Grocery store.

George grabs a cart and examines the aisle before him. He quickly reached into his right jean pocket, pulling out a crumpled up piece of paper. He unfolds it.

Grocery list:

frozen pizza

milk

chocolate raisins

2 bags of crisps

cereal

George doesn't even need to look through the signs hanging above the aisles to know where he needs to go. He walks down the front of the store before quickly turning right into one of the aisles, leading himself straight to a vast selection of frozen pizza.

He stands there for a moment, before ultimately deciding to pick 2 pepperoni pizzas, he sets it into the cart. Glancing down at the next thing on his list.

When George looks back up he turns the cart to the right, walking to the back end of the aisle. In the corner of the aisle, there would be a person loitering around, examining glass doors in front of them intently. They were wearing a black coat, gloves, hat, and sunglasses?

George blinks away, reminding himself that it's rude to stare. But a hat and gloves? Really? It's not *that* cold outside. And not to mention the sunglasses, it's cloudy outside, so there's really no reason to wear sunglasses. But, who knows, it's the Grocery store. Some people just straight-up roll up in their pajamas.

George turns the corner, quickly making it to his next destination. Quickly grabbing himself some milk before moving on to the next aisle on his list.

Walking across to the other side of the store his items were rather close together, 2 of the items were in the same aisle, while the other was in the aisle next to it. George set down his basket and stood on his tippy toes to reach some crisps on the top shelf.

After a moment of struggle, he manages to catch the bag with his fingertips falling back onto his heels. He clutched for a moment... When he starts to feel a slight uneasiness in his chest.

Strange... He paused trying to identify the reason for such a feeling. It felt like a wave of underlying anxiety building within his stomach, threatening to pester him further if he didn't choose his next actions carefully.

But was there anything even wrong? The feeling inside him was so random- so unprovoked... he felt like he was about to go up and present in front of his class in middle school- or that unsettling feeling when you just got out of an argument with someone, and they were staring you down from across the hall.

George looks up and down the aisle, looking for anything out of the ordinary.

About 15 feet to his left was a blonde woman examining a box of cereal, babysitting inside the cart. She was paying no mind to him, more concerned about finishing her groceries in a timely manner to keep her child at bay.

George then surveyed the right of him, to see a person with a black hat and sunglasses looking at the freezer section at the end of the aisle.

Didn't he see them before already..?

George shrugged it off. It's a public place, it's not unusual to see people twice.

He picked up his basket and stuffed the bag of crisps inside, turning to head down the left side of the aisle.

And as he left, he felt the weight in his chest grow slightly heavier.

George handed his stuff to a cashier and pulled out his phone while waiting for the cashier to finish their work.

He tapped onto the message icon, quickly clicking to a group chat shared between Dream, Sapnap,

and Him.

The feeling in his chest hadn't subsided, if anything it had gotten slightly worse- Maybe he was just feeling a bit of paranoia, walking around amongst other people in real life. He didn't really talk to anyone in person, because all of his friends are online. Besides his occasional weekly errands, there wasn't much in-person socialization.

Maybe he just needed the comfort of his friends.

He starts to type out a message; "*What's up gu*" George stops, fingers hovering over his keyboard. Wasn't it a little annoying to be pestering them all day..? They most likely had other things to be doing before their recording session. They had lives, real-life friends, a family that lived nearby and that they were close too- not to mention George nearly talks to them every day. Who knows, they might already be sick of him.

George deletes the message.

"Sir- do you have any bags or do you want plastic?"

George's eyes shoot up to meet the cashier, he stuffs his phone into his pocket while processing the question.

"Uh- yeah I have a bag- sorry."

George digs into his coat pocket and pulls out a plain blue bag made out of fabric. He used it almost every time he went grocery shopping because it was slightly bigger than the normal bag, allowing him to only bring 1 bag home- making the trip a lot easier, and preventing the risk of the bag breaking.

The cashier stuffed George's items into the bag, before handing it over the counter to George. George takes it and nods, as the cashier chimed out; "Hope you have a nice day!" George smiles slightly and nods.

"You too."

On George's way out, he tried to shake the uneasiness off his chest- maybe he just needed some fresh air. He shakes his head, sighing, and completely missing the person with the sunglasses standing without any groceries in hand loitering a little to the side of the entrance.

Once outside George took a deep breath as the cool air brushed across his face. He felt better.. right? He glanced around at his surroundings. The streets were busy, and people were moving- George smiled as he watched a little girl hop down the street with what looks to be a new doll. Gripping his groceries in his left hand, he looked left and right before joining in with the traffic of people heading towards the right in the direction of his apartment.

Mostly he mindlessly walked, letting his uncalled anxiety from earlier die down to a low hum.

While walking George didn't really have to pay attention to his surroundings. He knew exactly where he was going, and he walked this street so many times, the decorations of the stores and other office buildings simply didn't appeal to him anymore.

That is, until he caught some movement out of the corner of his eye, down close to the ground.

His walk slows slightly as he watches the source of the movement. Two pigeons were having a tug of war over a piece of bread that was most likely found on the ground. George chuckled, he's seen birds fight before... but never have a full on tug of war.

He peels off to the side of the sidewalk, before pulling out his phone. He swipes up to open up the camera app only to be met with the camera reflecting his own self in the digital image. Before George even has a chance to flip the camera around... his heart sinks into his chest.

Anxiety coming back full force- George's muscles tense as he takes in the person with the black hat and sunglasses, standing with his hands in his pockets about 30 meters back from him. The person was looking down at the ground, sort of loitering. They seemed a little out of place just standing there, not really serving a purpose as to why they are simply sitting doing nothing.

That's definitely the same person-

How many times had I seen them today..?

Maybe this is all some major coincidence.

There's no way this is a coincidence.

Multiple thoughts race through George's head as his anxiety builds and builds. He stays frozen, hope- logic- and reason- clashing with one another as he debates whether this is actually happening or he's just paranoid.

Was this guy following him..?

He doesn't have to wait for an answer within his head. For within seconds of that thought occurring the person looked up- making eye contact with the camera (well- assumes eye contact because it's kinda hard to tell where someone is looking with sunglasses). Then, the person started heading straight for him.

George reacted in seconds hastily striding down the sidewalk, holding his phone with both hands as panic continued to rise- rise- *rise* - His hands started to shake slightly so he just squeezed his phone tighter to get them to stop.

Every couple seconds he looked back, to see the person about 25 meters back- but never gaining. Instead they somehow matched George's stride from afar; like it was some sort of practiced art.

George picked up the pace a little bit more. Accidentally bumping into someone when he looked back at his pursuer once more. What the hell did they want? What if they caught up- oh god. *What if they caught up-*

As George's panic reached a new summit, he forgoed the underlying feelings that told him to not cause a scene. George broke off into a sprint, running down the length of the street before making a sudden right turn onto the street his flat was located. George glanced back once- finding the person to be gone. But yet that didn't stop George from running the rest of the way home.

He bounded up the stairs to his home, fumbling to unlock the door with shaky hands. After a couple sloppily missed attempts the door swings open, and George stumbles in. Quickly he turns and shuts the door behind him, bolting it closed.

The moment the door was locked a wave of relief washed over George. He was safe. At least right now-

It took a moment for George to notice how hard he was breathing, his hands still trembling with the groceries in his left hand. He slowly took a couple of steps backward away from the door before his shoulders lightly hit the wall; then next before he had a chance to blink- George found himself on the ground.

The groceries clatter to the side, some of the items falling out of the bag (although luckily the milk surprisingly didn't break). George curls in on himself, hugging his own torso as he pulls his knees up in front of him.

He felt his heart beat rapidly, and his mind was clouded with adrenaline making it hard to process both what just happened, and the emotions he was feeling. Panic still surged in waves but as each minute passed it loosened its grips on him ever so slightly.

He was okay- He was fine- It's fine-

For now.

But that was all that really mattered, wasn't it? He's safe.

George's head throbbed as it fought between processing and panic, he laid his arms on his knees to use as a buffer so he could lay his head down for a moment. He took another stifled breath as he tried to calm himself in the new position.

He could stay here- gather his bearings, then process what the fuck just happened. That seemed like a good plan.

Good plan... yeah.

Yeah... He was going to be fine.

Chapter End Notes

Well that was fun :)))

Spooky manz, spooky womanz? who knows who knows.

Take note that I tried to not specify a gender for the person with sunglasses. I don't really want a gender to be pegged on them (at least not yet.) and in Georges's perspective, they are wearing enough clothing and accessories to hide a true identity when he isn't looking hard enough.

ALSO- George bro stop doubting yourself.

Thats all I'm gonna say now baiiii comments and kudos are appreciated ILY <3

Are you sure?

Chapter Notes

BRO I AM SO SORRY-

I- Uh- Excuses. Okay. Here we go lmaoooo

First off apologies for this being SUPER LATE haha.... I know I saidddd I would be better but like when have I actually been reliable. (ALTHOUGH I SERIOUSLY PLAN ON BEING BETTER FROM NOW ON PLEASE-). I got hit with being the editor for my MCC Team... cause we were applying to be in MCC as a viewer team. I actually pulled an all-nighter for it. Edited for 24 hours straight. and then we didn't get in *tears*. So, that was sad, and a complete waste of time L. Thennnnn after that school hit me HARD between midterms and the sudden realization that my procrastination was going to screw up my grades for good if I didn't fix it ASAP. So I pulled 2 more all-nighters to fix my grades hahaha. Thennnnn I finally got around to writing this. Soooo Low and behold the chapter I really struggled to write!!! I think since I am so lagged from school it gave me major writer's block because some parts of this chapter were super hard to write when they shouldn't have been. But, I wanted to get it up and posted really bad because I hate to make you guys wait. (Also, I got a beta reader so thats pog! So maybe my grammar isn't terrible anymore ~ KiyoshiUnknown is a KING) MORE UPDATES COMING SOON HOPEFULLY MORE FREQUENTLY ILY ALLL

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Honestly it's a miracle George made it to the recording session at all.

After everything that had happened earlier in the day, George was still coming off his panic. He felt.. Off... Stressed. Overwhelmed. Scared? *Watched-*

It was hard to tell how he was feeling, everything mixing together slightly as he calmed himself down.

The event itself was hard for George to grasp. Was he *certain* that the person was actually following him, was he imagining things? Why the hell were they following *him* ... Did they know who he was? Why didn't they do something in the grocery store? How did they suddenly *disappear-*

George would have probably spiraled in his thoughts all afternoon. If it wasn't for the text he received from Dream at 6:11PM

Dream: *hey, you didn't forget our recording session did you?*

George: *shit. no just got sidetracked i will be on in 5*

Now, at exactly 6:27PM George found himself loading up minecraft as he connected to the discord call. The moment he joined in his headphones were flooded with the sound of Sappnap as he screamed.

“GEORGE!”

Dream laughed “George- What took you so long? Jesus,”

George hesitates, reeling slightly from Sappnaps screaming. He was *really* out it.

“Uhhh.. I had a bit of a morning... lost track of time I guess..”

Georges responds with uncertainty plaguing his voice. Should he even mention what happened? Would that make him a burden..? While the heavy anxiety on his chest from earlier had been lifted- the uncertainty and self doubt of his perception of the situation as a whole left him conflicted and queasy. George felt as though he was untrustworthy, even though he knew what he saw. He couldn't be wrong- that person was definitely following him. But then why did he feel like he was wrong? Maybe he is just imagining things. Although, if he was right and that person *was* following him does that put him in danger? What did they want? Do they know where he lives-

Either way, the waiver in George's voice was enough to be picked up by both of his close friends. A silence follows George's statement only for a moment before Dream picks up the conversation, his playful tone forgotten as he picks up a softer more worried diction.

“Did something happen..?”

George doesn't respond allowing a silence to spread between them. Should he even tell them? That would just cause them to worry. He doesn't want to be a burd-

“George?” Sappnap states, breaking George from his thoughts. After only another moment of

hesitation George sighs, fiddling with the strings of his hoodie nervously.

“I.. uh- when I went to the grocery to run some errands there was uh... this person that kept on hanging around the store near me. And uh after I left the store I saw them walking down the street behind me. It seemed like they were following me or something-” George lets out a shaky breath. “... I don’t know- they were just looking right at me and kept on walking a bit behind me down the sidewalk. I felt very uneasy about it,”

“Did they follow you home?” Dream asked, concern bleeding through his voice.

“Uh- no I don’t think so. After I turned down my street I checked behind me and they had just disappeared...”

George faded off his sentence just as Sapnap cut in to make a comment “Are you sure they were following you then? They could have just been walking down the same street as you. The street you saw them on was a main street right?”

“Yeah-”

“So they might have just happened to be going to an apartment of their own farther down the street or something. You most likely were fine. Everyone has to go to the grocery store every once in a while,”

“I guess...” George starts to state, when Sapnap claps his hands together.

“Then boom. Mystery solved. Georgie is just paranoid. Now let's get to recording shall we?” Sapnap states happily. George doesn’t say anything as Dream buds back into the conversation.

“Are you sure you are alright George?”

George tries to push the thoughts of worry away as he chuckles nervously, sitting up in his chair to prepare to start recording. He plasters a weak smile onto his face even though facecam isn’t on, quickly responding to Dream.

“Haha yeah I am fine. Sapnap is probably right- it's definitely nothing. I'm just delusional,” *Was I just seeing things?*

Dream scoffs “You're not delusional George,”

George doesn't respond to Dream's last comment, for the most part he said it jokingly.. But yet there still was some underlying sincerity within his voice.

George logged in fully seeing Sapnap and Dream both already standing around spawn. Dream was bouncing on and off a block next to spawn while Sapnap's character sat completely still. George chews on his lower lip as they sit in silence while Sapnap sets things up. He considers what Sapnap said.. Was he really that paranoid? Who knows, he could be subconsciously making things up for attention, how pitiful is that? But it would make sense- wouldn't it? Because let's be real, who actually would spend the time of day to pay enough attention to George to *follow* him. I mean come on, that makes no sense.

After a moment of sitting there George shakes himself.

Cmon. Focus. We are done thinking about it. It's nothing, have fun with your friends before they get sick of you.

“So what are we doing today?” George quips, forcing some energy into his voice.

“Minecraft, but with constant blindness.” Sapnap states mischievously. And before he could question anything further, typing could be heard on Sapnap's end as he ran the command. Then next thing you know the surrounding world faded to black darkness around them. The overall sight radius was bigger than normal blindness, allowing them to see about 5 blocks in any direction rather than like one. But, that was it.

“Well. Let's get started shall we?”

George looks around the small area around him. He could barely see Sapnap and Dream right in front of him. Also, from what he saw before the blindness was applied, they were standing in the middle of a plains biome. Suddenly, Dream's character disappears as he whines.

“I can't see anything!”

“DREAM! We have to stick together!”

Dream laughs as suddenly he reappears from the darkness in front of Sapnap and George.

“C’mon we need to go find wood,”

Just before they had another moment Dream disappeared into the darkness again.

“Dream- oh my god, wait up!!” Sapnap yells while attempting to follow Dream into the darkness. A smile finally creeps up on Georges face as he watches his friends joke around, the somber mood from earlier dropping completely. George's character takes off into darkness after his friends.

This challenge was turning out to be a lot harder than expected.

The thing with not being able to see right in front of you is finding normal things like wood, water, or even caves is much more of a struggle.

For instance, finding a tree took them like 10 minutes due to the fact they spawned in a plains biome. Now, they were all wandering aimlessly in the tunnels of a cave- trying to find anything of use whether it be Iron or hopefully a lava pool.

Speaking of lava, George can’t even begin to imagine what the *nether* is going to be like with blindness. You thought finding the fortress was hard to find in normal 1.16? Imagine trying to find it while only seeing a few blocks in front of you.

Luckily they didn’t really have to worry about that yet. George watched as Sapnap set up a group of furnaces along the wall and Dream came back with some more Iron. While Dream and Sapnap carried the conversation for the most part by making jokes or comments about the game, George listened constantly. He honestly didn’t really feel like carrying the conversation anyway. The recording session as a whole had helped him get his mind off the person from earlier. He almost forgot about it.

Almost.

While Sapnap and Dream were talking about something stupid (as always) George began to zone out. Not in a way where he was thinking about anything in particular- just where he wasn't paying attention to anything around him. He was unsure of how long he was sitting there for- but he was snapped out of it quickly when an alarming set of words broke through his thoughts.

“GEORGE LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!” Sapnap screeched. Panic struck George like a truck as he dropped his mouse, spinning around in his chair to survey the room behind him.

Who- Where- are they here?

There was nothing...

His breath caught as he took in the room, his adrenaline spiking- There was nothing- nobody's here.

George felt overwhelmed. But he didn't even have a moment to process these emotions when-

BOOM

George screamed as the loud sound of a creeper exploding startled him. Infact, it startled him so much he jumped backwards away from his computer- ripping his headphones out in the process. The sounds of his friends bursting out in laughter, Dream wheezing filled the room as his sound reverted to his speakers in his headphones absence. Peering over to the computer screen as his death screen was displayed in red. George's heart was racing, hands shaking all over again. What the fuck is wrong with him? He stood still like a statue, trying to process the situation.

It was just a creeper.

It was just a fucking creeper.

George looked to his closed bedroom door, slowly taking off his headphones and setting it on his desk.

He needs to make sure.

George turns back to his computer, where his friends laughter has died down to an afterthought, his hand hovers over the mute button on his keyboard as he speaks shakily.

“Hey guys I’m going to go get some water,”

Then, he clicks the mute button before waiting for their response, and hastily makes his way out of his bedroom.

The first thing he does is peer up and down the hallway. There’s nothing. Then he goes up and down the hallway to check all the rooms... nothing again. He checks all the windows- locked. Front door? Locked. Everything is untouched. Nothing was out of the ordinary.

George is just paranoid.

He huffs. Grabbing a glass of water before sitting down at the counter. Letting the ice spin lightly.

Maybe he is just paranoid- but his mind is running a million miles a minute, so he feels the need to be.

But it’s nothing. It was nothing. That has been established and reiterated so many times. He just needed to get over it.

George took a sip from his drink as he held the glass with both hands. The cold condensation against his fingertips helped calm him as his heart rate slowed and his hands stopped from shaking. He sat there for awhile... he wasn’t sure how long, but it must have been long enough to be abnormal because next thing you know his phone started to buzz within his pocket. He pulls his phone out to read the recent notifications.

Dream: *hey, are you alright?*

Dream: *you've been gone for awhile*

George stared back at the message for a moment, before slowly typing a message out in response.

George: *all good. just got distracted. coming back now*

And with that, George put his phone away, picked up his glass, put it into the sink, then headed back to his room to confront his friends with the most upbeat facade he could muster.

He was just being paranoid.

Chapter End Notes

Welp. Hahahahaha

Creeper go brrr

Maybe you shouldn't second guess yourself

Chapter Notes

Hope y'all enjoy!!! School has been killer I am crying. But, I have the weekend! I am currently writing chapter 6 as we speak!! I am really motivated to get as ahead as possible tonight and tomorrow... so maybe you guys might be treated with multiple posts this week...? Idk, we will see... ;) well. Hope you'll enjoy the chapter!!! I hope it turned out alright... idk how I feel about the ending.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A couple days following the recording session with Dream and Sapnap, things started to get better. George's anxiety had dissipated to nothing and his spirits began to be lifted again. Talking with his friends for hours on end, doing a grocery run later in the week with no weird occurrences... it was... normal.

Maybe the whole thing earlier that week was actually all in George's head.

George slumps back in his chair after ending the call with his friends a few minutes prior. He had just got off for the day. They weren't recording or anything... just hanging out, and it was a lot of fun. Just before he left the call actually, the three of them were all making the dumbest jokes about Dreams left toe...? He didn't even know. It started off with Dreams rather poorly drawn avatar all the way into who's toe has the best "personality". Honestly, none of it made sense. But it was funny as hell.

It was always the weirdest shit when it came to Dream and Sapnap.

After a couple moments of reminiscing, George stood up to move, making his way to the kitchen. Setting down his phone on the counter he opens up the fridge to examine the possibilities he could have for food before going to bed. He didn't really feel like making anything too hard- but a con to living alone was that whenever you wanted food you had to make it yourself.

As a few more moments passed George ended up setting on heating up some leftover pizza from the day prior. He set a couple pieces on a plate before moving to the microwave to heat up his food. While his food was heating, he went to find the remote to turn on an episode of Locke and Key, to watch while he ate.

Conveniently, The moment he got the show started up, the microwave beeped signifying that his

food was ready. George grabbed the hot plate along with a glass of water, and settled down pressing play on the show. Watch as in this series, following their father's murder, three siblings move into a house filled with reality-bending keys; from the comics by Joe Hill and Gabriel Rodriguez.

As he watched the show he sighed, relaxing back into the couch with his plate in hand. Things felt comfortable. George's underlying anxiety and doubts seemed to be nonexistent for the evening. He didn't feel like a burden. The weird events of the a couple days ago were nothing but an afterthought, and his friends' goofy laughs were fresh on his mind.

He was happy.

As the show came to a close George set his empty plate into the kitchen before turning off the TV entirely. Stifling a yawn George rubs his eyes, turning off the lights to the main room as he walks down the hall to his bedroom. George is about to flick off the light in the hall right next to his bedroom, when something causes him to hesitate.

Ding!

The sound of his phone's text notification echos down the hallway. George looks back down to where the kitchen is before sighing. He must have left it either on the counter or by the couch... he didn't really keep track of it.

George lazily walks down the hallway when the phone would ding twice more, echoing through the room. Flicking on the main switch in the living room George squints adjusting to the bright fluorescent lights. His phone echos again, and again, before it starts to vibrate- his ringtone singing through the large room.

George moves to the couch to check the cushions and the side table- nothing. The phone only rings for another moment before falling silent once more... but, after a few seconds it starts to ring one more. Filling the room with music.

Whoever was calling him was very persistent.

George made his way into the kitchen after searching the living room, finally noticing his phone sitting on the counter. He picks it up looking at the screen to read the caller ID. Dream. Why the fuck would he be calling him over an hour after he said he went to bed-

He answers the call.

“.. Hello?”

“*George!*” Dream exclaims a little too loudly for George’s liking at this time of night. Considering he felt like he could fall asleep at any moment at this point.

“I’m sorry did I wake you-“

“Uh not really I was about to head to bed..”

“I’m sorry- uh- yeah. I probably normally wouldn’t have called you but this seemed kind of urgent.”

There was a hesitance in Dreams' voice. An uneasy edge to it... why did dream sound... nervous?

George’s heart clenched.

“Why- what’s wrong?”

“... George have you been on twitter at all tonight..?”

George immediately moves the phone away from his ear, clicking on the speaker button before tabbing out of the call. While pulling up Twitter he continued talking.

“No what’s happening on twitter-“

“*George stay on call.*” Dream stated firmly, but yet his worried undertone hadn’t been left out of the statement.

George would have responded with another question- or at least some sort of comment. But the words were ripped out of his throat. His notifications were exploding (although honestly, they always were on twitter) but it was just the same thing over and over again. The same picture again and again and again.

The same picture of *him*.

Now, this wasn't like a normal poorly screenshotted picture of him from one of his facecam streams no no no- this was him dressed up in a blue windbreaker with groceries in hand, slightly looking over his shoulder. He was standing by a street corner, and sighing the picture street sign clearly visible for all to see. George wasn't looking directly at the camera- if anything he seemed to be completely oblivious to it. The picture seemed to be taken off to the side, through the crowd.

George's heart rate quickened. And his throat closed. He knew exactly when this was taken- he had too- it had too- his brain reeled as the dots all connected between how this could have happened, and what this means.

Blue windbreaker, groceries-

His face.

Someone took a picture of him-

Someone took a picture of him in public.

The street sign was clearly visible within the picture..

Oh god.

Someone just doxxed him.

"... *George?*" Dream's voice cracked hesitantly through the phone. George, still frozen due to being overwhelmed with a plethora of negative emotions, lacked a response. "*George are you alright?*"

George felt dazed as he moved backwards, running softly into the wall behind him. Then from there, he slid down to the floor as a silent tear rolled down his cheek. The anxiety and fear plaguing his thoughts as multiple ‘worst case’ scenarios played through his head. His head hurt. What the fuck was going on?

“George you’re star-“

“Dream what do I do.” George stated blankly, abruptly cutting Dream off.

“I...” Dream falls off his sentence to give himself a moment to think. George snuffles, his quiet despair carrying through the phone as his attempts to compose himself fail. Dream’s voice softens to a worried hush, as he speaks soothingly through the phone.

“Hey- you’re okay, just take a deep breath.”

George inhales, pressing two fingers into the bridge of his nose as he somewhat collects himself. He can’t freak out. Breathe. Now is not the time to freak out. You can’t freak out. *Not while Dream is right here.*

“... Dream.. They doxxed me..”

“I know- look. Sapnap already knows about it, we can take care of twitter. What they did wasn’t right. And me and Sapnap can make a statement on it. You need to just step away from it, we will make sure everything is taken care of.. Was the street sign right by your house?”

“Not exactly- but it was pretty close to it. Just down the block.”

Dream sighs audibly through the phone in frustration, most definitely running a hand through his blonde locks.

“Right. Okay. Well, at least it wasn’t right by your house. I would see if we could get the picture taken down but honestly it’s already out so no matter how hard we try it most likely will never be gone completely. The account that posted it was created today, so we really have no idea who it was. The account seemed to be created for the sole purpose of posting the picture. Most likely to keep their identity anonymous-”

As Dream rambled on George tuned out for a moment at his latest statement over the anonymous persons. His mind immediately switching to the events in the week prior. Black coat, gloves, hat, and sunglasses-

The day he was followed.

“I know who took that picture of me.” George stated as his arms tingled, sending a nauseous wave of nerves to his chest.

“*You know who it was?*” Dream said with slight hope in his voice.

George winces at his bad choice of wording “Ah- no. Sorry.” he presses a hand to his face in an attempt to quell his rising anxiety recalling the mysterious person from earlier in the week.

“The day I was followed- I- I think it might have been them.”

Dream doesn’t respond, letting silence fill the air for a moment.

“*They didn’t follow you home right?*”

“No.”

“*Are you sure?*”

George hesitates. Recalling the events of a couple days prior. The stranger randomly disappeared on the main street. He couldn’t have followed him.

“I am pretty sure-”

Dream hums in acknowledgment, waiting a moment to let his thoughts collect himself before speaking out.

“George I think you need to take a break.”

“Huh? What do you mean a break?” George's voice quips in slight surprise.

“I mean- I think you need to take some time away from twitter, streaming, everything. Just a day or two. To let this all blow over.”

George fell silent for a moment, contemplating the idea. It oddly made sense... try to spend some time to recoup mentally from the stress, along with give his fans some time to forget about it.

“I.. I guess I could take a day trip or something..” George states hesitantly.

“Even if it's just spending time with your family... I think it would be good to get away.”

George laughed lightly. “I am *not* going to go see my family.”

Speaking of family... George didn't really talk to his. They weren't exactly on the best of terms...? I mean- there was no conflict between them. They just didn't exactly keep contact. Not to mention George had a little bit of a rocky relationship with them because they both wanted George to go into some sort of “ideal job” like being a lawyer or a doctor... something “smart”. Youtube... didn't really reflect that. And even though George was having fun with it, he couldn't help but feel like his parents were disappointed in him.

So they just didn't talk.

“I guess that's fine, just keep me and Sapnap updated on where you end up going alright? Maybe send us a few pictures or something.”

George chuckles lightly. “Don't worry- I will.”

“Alright then.. I think I am going to go ahead and hang up now to let you sleep. don't worry about twitter.. We have it handled.”

“Okay Dream,”

“*And George?*”

“Yeah?”

“*You’re going to be alright... Just- call if you need anything,*”

George sighs. “Thanks Dream.. Goodnight,”

“*Goodnight George,*” And with that, the call ended. Leaving the twitter app open on Georges phone, the haunting picture openly on display.

George's breath catches at the sight, as he frowns. Staring for a moment he pulls his eyes away as he shuts his phone off and sets it down on the floor next to him. He listens to the silence as he sits in the middle of the hallway of his empty... quiet... half lit apartment.

God- He felt so alone.

“... *Someone actually was following him! They tried to follow him home.. God. What if something actually happened?*”

“*Well- what do you expect us to do Dream? Might I remind you, you are located thousands of miles away. George is a big boy, he can manage himself... he will be okay,*”

“*I... I just don’t like the idea of him getting hurt.. especially since he’s all alone Sap- there’s nobody there with him,*”

“...*I know, Dream,*”

Chapter End Notes

:D

Someone just got DOXXED >:)

Comments and kudos are appreciated! I almost always respond to comments, and I really enjoy longer ones so I can talk about minor details or discussing your theories!! -without spoiling things of course ;)

I might or might not have some.... plans. ..for the future...

We're just friends!

Chapter Notes

WOAH?!?!? WHO AM I? POSTING WITHIN 2 DAYS- WHAT?!?!?

Hope y'all enjoy!!! Disclaimer: I am from the US! and I have never traveled outside the US... So, there is a HIGH CHANCE I got some stuff wrong in this chapter when it came to London and Brighton... I tried my best- but I feel like a decent amount of it was guesswork and might be just stereotypical.. Idk, I hope you guys like the chapter anyway...

And as always... THANK YOU SO MUCH TO MY EPIC BETA READER
KiyoshiUnknown!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next morning George was hastily packing a day bag to catch the 8am train to Brighton. The night before he uh- Didn't really get much sleep. But, considering the circumstances that wasn't really a surprise now was it? George grabbed a water bottle, wallet, laptop, headphones, jacket- really anything that he could think of that could be of use. He didn't really go on day trips, like, ever. So, he felt a little inexperienced in getting prepared for the day ahead.

At least he was about to do something exciting.

While he was hesitant about the whole idea the night before.. In the morning after waking up with only a few hours of sleep George was surprisingly... excited. He never really went on impromptu trips like this, let alone trips at all. For the most part his days consisted of the same thing over and over again. So the idea of actually taking some time off to go do something fun was- well, exiting.

He already had it planned out. Once he got there he most likely was going to go on a walk down to the beach side, hang out of a little bit, before going out to a restaurant to eat. He already contacted Sapnap and Dream, but he planned on calling them during lunch. After lunch, he planned on just walking around, seeing what other fun things he could do before he caught the 7pm train back to London.

Zippping up his bag, George swings it around one of his shoulders, shuts the lights off in his apartment, closes the door and locks it behind him.

Once outside, the cool September air brushes against his cheek. He pulls out his phone, and shoots his friends a text.

George: I am heading out to Brighton for the day! catching the 7am train now

After a moment, George moves to put his phone away but then it suddenly dings once, then twice, then a third time.

Dream: have fun georgie!

Sapnap: make sure to check both ways before you cross the street!

Dream: let us know when you want to call

George smiles at his friends lighthearted responses, before typing out a quick message in response. He then puts his phone away just as he arrives at the train station. From there George buys himself a two way ticket, and boards himself onto the 7am train to Brighton.

Everything was going to be fine.

After the hour long train ride George found himself walking out of the Brighton train station, examining his surroundings. Brighton was... to put it shortly... beautiful. The air was clean, and the town overall had a homey feel to it. Sky bright, and the shops lining the street seemed to consist more of little small businesses rather than the big designer shops you would find in London. Overall, Brighton was less crowded too.

George plugs in the nearest beach access into his GPS and starts to follow the map within his phone. As he walked down the street, he completely zoned out- not paying attention to the people around him. He kept his head down, while walking down the street when suddenly a voice pierced through his thoughts.

“Good morning!” The voice said chipperly.

George jumps slightly, eyes looking up to match the blonde haired woman who was standing by a store front smiling and waving. George hesitated- before sheepishly waving back with a slight

waver in his voice.

“H-hi..?”

He moved to turn back to where he was going, to move on- but when he turned, he practically ran straight into a couple holding hands as they walked down the street. They jumped back in slight surprise.

“O-oh! I’m sorry!” The women spoke. “Didn’t mean to run into you like that honey-“ she stated as the two of them maneuvered around George. George grimaced.

“Sorry-“

“Not your fault, have a nice day!” The man said and then they proceeded to walk away.

George, baffled, cautiously checked where he was walking before continuing on to his destination. People were so... nice? Here? Yeah, one of the peoples kind greetings might have caused him to be distracted... but in London nobody pays attention to anyone while you walk down the street. Not to mention, if you run into anyone- you’re bound to get a response like; “watch it kid” or “look where you are going!” Almost never an apology... especially when it was obviously *his fault*.

George’s heart brightens. It was really nice to have the change in pace, really. The people walking down the street have him no ill feelings whatsoever. Thinking of the previous days, George checks behind him.

There was nothing.

George smiles. Of course there was nothing. He was in a safe place there was nothing to worry about.

Today was going to be a good day.

“What do you- DREAM! I know how to talk to people!”

The two voices from his phone burst out laughing while George turned to face the ocean and smiled, blue shores shimmering back at him. Surprisingly, it had been sunny all day in Brighton, which heavily contrasts England's normal weather of cloudy rain- but, that's okay, the sun matched the mood George was feeling.

He sat on the patio of a seaside restaurant, fish and chips on a plate in front of him. Dream and Sapnap were on call with him, just like they had planned to this morning. Sapnap had facecam on whilst Dreams avatar was sitting there in the corner of the call. Dream still never turned on his facecam... which he would hate to say was upsetting a little bit, but- George was used to it, so it wasn't really a problem. Overall, Dreams laughs and sarcastic comments were enough, so George was just happy that he was his friend to begin with, even if he didn't show his face.

Since they had hopped on call all they had done was made jokes and sarcastic comments to one another... None of them even bothered to bring up twitter or the stranger from a week ago- not wanting to kill the mood.

George watches as Sapnap leans back in his chair, twiddling a pencil in between his fingers “*You know you say that, but then you are the one that literally told us 5 minutes ago while you were on the beach you saw some women with a Shiba Inu you started screaming ‘DOGE DOG! DOGE DOG!’*”

Dream wheezed at Sappnaps impression of George while George's mouth hung open. In George's opinion, Sappnaps impersonation was TERRIBLE. He made his voice all squeaky and stupid... it was just- wrong.

“Sapnap! I do NOT sound like that-”

“*I dO nOt SoUnD LiKe tHaT!*” Sapnap mocked- and Dream absolutely lost it, spiraling down into a complete laughing fit. Even George himself was struggling, turning his head away as he rested his mouth in his hand- trying to stifle any sort of giggles that might escape his chest.

After a moment of everyone regaining their composure, a happy silence settled between them. Then, once he could make sure he could breathe again, Dream changed the subject, asking George a more general question.

“How’s the beach by the way? Have you been enjoying it so far?”

George turned to face the phone, smiling at Dreams' question. He had his camera on along with Sapnap, so they could see his expressions and surroundings.

“It’s good- the people here are really nice for the most part. Not as cranky as they are in London. I think that’s partly because people aren’t in a rush to go places. Uhh... The beach is.. Pretty. Blue- Also, it’s sunny outside, so the sky is blue as well,” He shrugs, looking at the camera.

“Here-” George proceeds to pick up his phone and flip the camera around, before walking to the edge of the patio to project the camera outwards to look at the stretching ocean in front of him. He then points at the ocean.

“Look- water,”

Dream starts to laugh again and George flips the camera around to face himself as he sits down by his food once more. His face hurt from smiling so much, and his heart fluttered at his friends' laughs.

“George you are so stupid-” Dream said through his giggles, then sapnap started to move on his screen.

“George, George, Look-” He picks something up from offscreen, and then holds it up to the camera, revealing it to be a clear glass of water. Sapnap points to it. *“Water,”*

“What-” George Laughs, “Are you *mocking* me?” George states, emphasizing the word ‘mocking’ with a funny tone.

“Yes Georgette. I am. Don’t get your panties all tied up in a knot because of it,”

“SAPNAP!” George states bursting out laughing along with both of his friends.

George ended up staying on call with Dream and Sapnap for a lot longer than intended. After having food with them on call, he ended up walking around town with them showing them the beachside along with random little shops with his camera (lets just say, thank god he brought his good headphones). A couple people might have looked at him funny considering the weird stuff he was saying to himself, but, he didn't really seem to mind. It was a lot of fun talking to Dream and Sapnap. So them taking the time out of their day to call him meant the world to him. In total, about 5 hours of the day was spent on call, and after he hung up he only had a short time to himself before he hopped on the afternoon train back to London.

Boarding the train he got one more text from Dream, which he glanced at, typing up a quick response before putting his phone away and taking a seat in the corner of the train.

Dream: hope u had fun today, we should call tomorrow to make think about recording something for your channel. if you are up for it that is

George: Sure thing, I should be good

He sighed, resting back in his chair. Today had been a great day, to say the least. Brighton was a nice place, it was a pretty town with a lot of fun things to do- not only that, but he also got to talk on call with his best friends for hours- hearing Dream heavenly laughs where he sounds like he is absolutely dying with Sapnap pulls out another ruthless joke.. It made the day that much better.

As he sat on the train, he sat in silence, that is, until he glanced up to see a woman had just taken up the seat across the way from him. The woman seemed to be in distress, eyes red rimmed as she sniffled... staring down in her hands.

Nobody else was near them. Most people tended to sit in the middle or the front of the train. George retreated to the back to try and stay away from people actually, and it seemed like this woman had attempted to do the same. The silence as she silently cried stretched longer- until it reached an unbearably uncomfortable amount. George twiddled his thumbs, not exactly sure what to do.. He wasn't *good* with social interaction. But, he did have some form of human decency. His brows furrowed to ones of concern as he glanced over to the woman, finding a voice within himself.

"Are... are you alright..?"

The woman jumps slightly, looking up at George. She blinks, wiping her eyes with the sleeve of her jacket.

“O-oh.. I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to bother you...”

“You’re fine, I was just checking to see if you were alright..”

The woman smiles, as she tries to compose herself. You see, when George first interacted with this woman, he assumed it would be some sort of shorter interaction, that would last maybe a minute or two. Expecting that when he asked if she was okay, he would immediately be brushed off with the woman's reassurances of being fine. What he *didn't* expect was for the woman to open up to him fully.

“Y-Yeah... I am alright..” She sniffles. “It’s just.. You see. Me and my fiance have been living together for the past year and all.. But due to work he is going to have to live in a completely different city than me.. and.. and that’s just kind of hard.. You know? We practically have been inseparable for so long- I just.. I don’t know. It’s hard to picture living without him for so long. We probably won’t see each other for at least a few months.. and..” a singular tear rolls down her cheek but she quickly swipes it away.

George sighs, looking down at his hands. What does he even say to that? He furrowed his eyebrows for a moment, thinking of a semi proper response when the words just started rolling.

“Yeah.. I get what you mean. My friends live overseas- So most of my interactions with them is when I am on call with them, or through text. Heck, even today I called them to show them around Brighton.” He smiles, thinking fondly of their earlier phone call. “I guess, you just got to just take it one day at a time. Enjoy the moment, and spend time with them? Just... try not to worry about the distance between the two of you.”

The woman smiles at him, brushing her own hair out of her face. “Thank you..” She states, before looking back over him. “So, you’ve dealt with long distance relationships before?”

George’s eyes shoot up to meet hers as his face heats up slightly- breath catching.

“What? No!” He chuckles nervously “Just friends. My friends live overseas,”

The woman raises an eyebrow at him, smiling at George's reaction... as confusing as it was.

“... Alright...” She states, letting her tone voice her skepticism. “Well.. Thank you for the advice- and checking up on me..”

George rubs the back of his neck with his hand, looking down at the floor. “Not a problem.. Just keep your head high. Things will start looking up soon enough,”

The woman nods, thanking him once more before she turns away with a smile on her face. George on the other hand runs a hand through his hair. What the fuck was that? Maybe Dream and Sapnap were right, he was terrible with interacting with people. But what the fuck warranted that sort of reaction?

Saying that George was confused with himself was an understatement. What even made her think he had a long distance relationship- he said friends didn't he? He racked his brain, he *definitely* said friends. But even if he did, why did he feel the need to be so defensive. It's not like it mattered. She didn't know who his friends were. So she had no idea who he was thinking about.

George knew who he was thinking about.

But the world didn't know who he was thinking about. They were just friends. So it didn't matter.

Yeah.

Just friends.

George leans back in his train seat, relaxing as he tried to just push aside those sudden flustered thoughts, focusing in on reminiscing on the fun day he had had- listening to the train chug on, bringing him back home.

Today *had* been a good day.

Hahaha... FLUFFY CHAPTER WOOOO...

This is fine (:

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated!! I LOVE seeing comments of people's theories or just people coming to say hi! I always try to reply within 24 hours of the comment. And seeing feedback helps motivates me to get the next chapter out faster... (and it keeps me from doubting myself lmao.. cause let's be real, I am a pro at that.) See you guys in the next one!

Edit: Also, I forgot to mention... should I make a discord...? I've seen people do that before but idk if thats a good idea LMAO- if nobody says anything imma just delete this edit in a couple hours hahaha

Don't worry, I am alway covering your 6'

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!! PLEASE READ BEFORE GOING ANY FATHER INTO THIS FIC:

Alright. Here's the thing. I don't really want to do trigger warnings at the beginning of each chapter, or in the middle of text. Simply because, I don't want to ruin the surprise or the suspense with having a warning at the beginning or a break in the text...

PLEASE check the tags above, I am trying to keep it as broad as possible while at the same time as keeping it as accommodating as possible. I don't want to spoil anything- but I don't want to accidentally trigger someone either. So, take this as your trigger warning for the REST OF THE FIC.

FROM THIS MOMENT FORWARD- YOU ARE AT RISK FOR:

- Graphic Description of Violence
- Panic attacks
- Stalkers
- Possibility of Major character Death
- Possibility of Character death of any sorts
- Disassociation
- Weapons

NOW!! I am trying to keep these as broad as possible... and some of it might be more of a red herring... so. If you have ANY SORT OF TRIGGER- that you can't deal with, and you want me to CONFIRM or DENY for sure if it is included in the fic... Please comment below. If you state "I have a serious trigger of _____... Is it in the fic?" I will confirm or deny it for you because all in all your guys' health means more to me than the secrecy and suspense of the story. But, If I can I would like to try and keep as much of it anonymous as possible...

Thanks for understanding!!! Enjoy the new chapter!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Arriving back in London was... Something.

First off, it was after dark. Which was absurd in its own way, because George almost never traveled after dark (Mainly because... regretfully, George didn't really go outside to begin with). Second off, on the *rare* occasion George was outside after dark, he was always with friends.

But, no matter- he was a big boy so it was fine.

George exited the train station to be greeted by the London city lights, shining as bright as ever. People were buzzing around (as always) so George quickly fit himself within the crowd. Walking with a slightly slower cadence than normal, George had to admit that he was a little tired despite the fact it was just past 8pm. It made sense though, George had a pretty eventful day to say the least... and oh, how much fun it was. Between the phone call with friends, the sightseeing by the ocean, Brighton was actually a lot of fun. But- there would time to reminisce later, and as George rounded the corner he made a beeline to his apartment complex.

Making his way up the steps to his door George tugged on the railing of the stairway lightly to help pull him forward. The walk itself only took like 5 minutes, but on tired legs it felt like an eternity... And on top of that... the stairs up to his apartment? Brutal.

Reaching the top of the steps within the fluorescently lit hallway, George stopped at his door and pulled his keychain out of his pocket. He fumbled with the keys before grabbing a hold of the silver one with a circular base, pressing it into the lock before twisting, unlocking his apartment door.

Stepping inside George shuffled, first taking off his book bag and setting it down on a nearby bench, which allowed him to take off his jacket as well, hanging it up on the coat rack.

George's apartment was pitch dark for the most part, which was expected considering it was the way past nightfall. George reflexively reaches his hand to the wall in the darkness and flicks the light switch before kneeling down to untie his shoes.

Beginning to untie his shoe George worked mindlessly before a familiar sense of anxiety began to lightly creep up his back. George slowed in his task, taking a moment to realize an unnerving fact that didn't register within the first moments of its occurring...

The lights didn't turn on.

George straightened himself leaving his shoes half untied as he moved to test the light switch again.

Flick.

Nothing.

An uneasiness sets in Georges stomach, he flipped the switch a few more times to be met with the same result- before he inevitably gave up. It's not like George had never been in a power out before... In fact, he had been through quite a few through his 23 years of livelihood. The thing that was unnerving to him, was the fact that from what it seemed like, nobody else in his building had a power out. On his way to his flat, all the lights were on, and all of the elevators were in functioning order.

Maybe the power out literally just happened?

George would have turned around and gone back into the hallway to check, but something else caught his eye before he had the chance.

Looking down the hallway of his apartment he realized that it wasn't completely pitch dark.

Because there was an illuminated aura creeping around the corner, seeming to be coming from the main room.

George tensed up as he held his breath.

It was a faint light, but looking down the hall it was definitely there... it wasn't a powerful enough light to be from one of the ceiling lights- heck, not even powerful enough to be from a lamp... it was much softer than that.

George reached into his pocket with shaky hands, pulling out his phone and turning on its flashlight to illuminate the hallway in front of him better.

This was his apartment.

He had to check.

Otherwise, who else will?

Nobody. Because he was all alone.

Right?

George, squeezing his phone tightly as he hesitantly takes slow steps down the hallway as he takes shaky, steady breaths.

Step.

Step.

Inhale.

This is fine. This is fine. This is fine.

Step.

Step.

Exhale.

Power outs are common. When have you ever been afraid of the dark?

Step.

Step.

George meets the end of the hallway, allowing him to peer into the opening of his living room and kitchen.

And... the sight before him made his anxiety about 100x worse.

On the coffee table in his living room was the source of the light. 3 red candles of slightly varying heights would stand in a clump together, and leaning against the candles would be a white envelope, stamped together with a big red circle that could be assumed to be made of wax.

George stood frozen, unable to move. That for sure was ***not*** there before he had left his house this morning. Fear and anxiety were grabbing at both of his wrists and he hadn't even touched the strange envelope yet. He felt shaky, and nauseous- maybe a little dizzy as well? It was hard to process the way he was feeling when only one sentence- one fact- crossed through his mind.

Someone broke into my house.

It was the only thing that made logical sense. George knew for a ***fact*** that he didn't just *forget* about leaving something like that in the middle of his living room. It was just impossible. The only way that there could be something like that left in his living room, is if *someone else did it*.

And that opened a whole other door of questions and fears.

How did they get in? The door was locked- did they use a window? A copy of his key? Who was it? What did they want? Why *him*-

George probably should have called the authorities, should have turned around and walked out of his apartment. Maybe called his parents- despite the terms that they were on- considering that they were the closest people to him, that might be able to help him.

But he needed to figure out what the note was.

After standing in frozen panic for what felt like hours, George managed to push down his anxiety

as much as he could to convince his body forward; closer to the strange item in question.

Step.

Step.

Inhale.

Step.

Step.

Exhale.

Step.

George reaches the coffee table. Holding his phone with his left hand George uses his right to shakily pick up the envelope. It was clean, pure, despite the big red wax marking holding it closed. Setting down his phone on the table, George uses both of his trembling hands to pull at the seal of the letter. With slight resistance, George managed to rip the envelope open, revealing a neatly folded white paper inside its interior.

Taking one more shaky breath, George pulls the paper out of the envelope to unfold it, revealing dark red... handwritten letters.

George,

Let's get right to the point. It has come to my attention that you, George, seem to spend an awful

lot of time with my Dearest, Dream. So much so, you are tainting his worldview in a negative way, distracting him from his true purpose. So, I am going to need to request you to remove yourself from his life- effective immediately. If you refuse to comply with these terms... there will be consequences- Which will result in you meeting your bitter end.

Farewell,

Nightmare

George felt light-headed.

It was too much.

The paper in his hand filtered down as it slowly fell to the ground. His hands were shaking uncontrollably, his mind empty but racing- overwhelmed? Overloaded-

It took him over a minute to realize it wasn't just his hands shaking, but his whole body.

It took him another minute to realize that the reason why the edges of his vision were turning black was because he wasn't breathing.

George was panicking.

Panicking. Panicking. *Panicking. Panicking.*

George lowers himself to the ground, leaning himself back up against the side of the couch just as the first sob erupts from his chest.

Somebody broke into his house- and whoever it was- wanted him *dead*.

He was shaking like a leaf, and at that moment he felt so so weak. His breathing uneven, and his mind was just scattered. He couldn't come up with any sort of cognitive train of thought.

He didn't know what to do.

He didn't know what to say.

He didn't know where to go.

He wished he knew why this was happening.

He wished his friends were here.

He wished Dream was here.

He-.....

Dream.

The one person he normally told everything to- his best friend- The person that would make him smile even if he was having a bad day, the one person that would make his chest warm at his laugh which was contagious.

He needed to talk to Dream.

George blinked some tears away as he moved to grab his phone off the coffee table. With shaky hands and a blurry vision, he unlocked his phone and somehow managed to find Dreams contact. His finger hovered over the button with slight hesitancy for a moment- he felt like there might be a reason as to why he shouldn't call Dream... but his mind was too hazy and panicked to find out.

He pressed the call button.

Please pick up-

Please pick up-

Please pick up-

“-eorge...?”

George lets out a sob in relief in response. He meant there to be words- and explanation- but he just couldn't. He was barely holding onto the strings of his mind and body; essentially, he was a complete wreck.

“Woah woah woah woah-“ Dream's voice quickly shifted, calm demeanor gone- his voice was laced with concern along with a slight panicky edge. *“George what's wrong- what happened?”*

George tried to breathe but his chest felt tight. George tried to speak but his throat was closed. He held the phone tightly to his ear as he let the tears roll down his cheeks. Dream had to have realized that George was panicking- that he couldn't breathe- because the next few orders from Dream were exactly what he needed to do.

“George, um, I need you to take a deep breath for me alright? Please? Can you do that? Try in for three out for three okay? George?”

George shakily inhaled. Trying to elongate it as much as possible to match Dreams instructions. Once Dream realized that George was actually listening to him he continued to talk George through it. One step at a time, in for three out for three. After minutes of this mundane interaction, George finally started to somewhat calm down. His anxiety still at an all-time high but yet he was coming off his panic attack.

The coaching of his friend had helped immensely. In fact, without him on the phone, it probably would have taken him at least twice as long to calm himself down.

He still felt weak, drained- but his brain wasn't reeling at a million miles a minute anymore. He could now pull so sort of cognitive thought. His hands were still shaking, but they were manageable.

His throat was tight, but it wasn't closed off.

A tense silence sat between George and Dream over the phone line, he still needed to explain himself.

“... d- dream...?” His voice came out scratchy. He winced, he didn’t really expect that, even though he probably should have. He was light-headed from exertion and his throat was raw from sobbing and trying to force some sort of air into his lungs.

“... *are you okay now?*” Dream asks softly, fear and concern evident.

George wanted to answer yes, but he really couldn’t- could he? George let out another sob, before pressing a hand over his eyes. He wills himself to speak.

“dream- i... i- i... s-someone.”

“*Deep breaths George- there’s no rush.*”

George takes a big shaky breath. He had to tell Dream.

“s-s-someone.. t-they broke in-into my- uh- my- hous-se” George said with a trembling voice, he grips the phone tighter as a shudder wracks his body. His friend on the other side of the line had fell silent, surprisingly, allowing George to continue.

“th-they left a n-note.. on it- on it- they.. they said they- they want to kill m-me..”

“*George they aren’t still there are they? They are gone- right? They aren’t there.*” Dream stated, starting off firm but his voice edged off into a plea at the end.

George sniffled, wiping some tears away. “I- I think so.” He takes another deep breath.

“*Why- wh- why would they want to kill you? Why? Did they say why?*” Dream started with urgency, the first question seemed to be Dream just talking to himself, but the more he talked the more it seemed to actually be aimed at George.

George thought for a moment- why did they want to kill him again? There was a reason- George knew that there was a set reason as to why...

And then it hit him.

George's heart sank, the one thing the note said was to stop talking to Dream- and then the first thing that George did? He talked to Dream about it-

He sobbed again.

"D-Dream. They want to kill me because I talk to y-you." George said quietly.. as if talking quietly would hide the fact that he was, in fact, talking to Dream.

Dream stayed silent for a moment.

"I'm coming to London."

George's body stopped shaking out of shock, and his mind stilled for a moment. Out of all the things that he thought his friend was going to say- that was not one of them.

"What."

"You heard me- I'm coming over there." George could hear some rustling on Dream's end as he seemed to be moving from one location to another.

"Dream- You-"

"-George." Dream interrupted. *"I'm not okay with you being all alone right now. I'm coming."*

George's mouth closes. His original plans to protest were thrown out the window. Because honestly? George *didn't* want to be alone right now. Not when everything was going so wrong. And the idea of Dream actually being there with him? *To actually have someone there with him-* He subconsciously decided he was going to jump on the opportunity.

They sat in silence, allowing George to recollect himself further while Dream had seemed to reach his computer, and was typing away on his keyboard. Suddenly, Dream broke the silence.

“I will be there around 5PM tomorrow.”

George sighs, leaning up against the couch in a daze. Feeling a little safer than earlier, he seemed to be coming off the worst of his anxiety. Which left him drained both physically and mentally.

“Okay.” He said in addressing Dream.

“Look, I have to get ready to go to the airport alright? I- You probably should call the police or something. I assume you haven’t yet?”

George winces, why hadn’t he thought of that? That probably should have been the first thing he had done. But, no matter, he couldn’t really change the past.

“No.. I haven’t.”

“You probably should do that. You swear after I hang up you’ll do that?”

George nods, before realizing that Dream can’t actually see him. “Yeah, I will.”

“Okay, Good.” Dream pauses for a moment, letting the silence stretch out for a few seconds. *“Hey George?”*

“Yeah?”

“I am going to be there soon. You’re going to be fine.”

George doesn’t respond at first. Should he be worried that Dream is coming?

“Thanks Dream,”

“No problem. I will see you soon.”

“See you soon.”

And with that, Dream hung up. George let the phone flop to the floor, looking up at the dimly lit ceiling... That's right. The lights aren't still on. He looks over at the floor beside him, and sees the haunting letter in red lying lazily on the floor.

He shudders.

George would have started crying again if he had the energy too. Instead, he moved to grab his phone again, then proceeded to dial his local police station.

Hitting call he held the phone up to his ear, and while it rang he sighed.

Everything is going to be fine. Dream is coming to save him.

Chapter End Notes

Its only up from here!!.... Right...?

Please, if you feel like it, I would love to see some comments! Whether it is critiques, theories, or even simply stopping by to say hi I just LOVE seeing your guyses feedback. I almost always reply within 24 hours... and honestly, seeing people so excited (or nervous lmaoo) makes me want to finish the next chapter quicker to see your guyses reactions haha. I hope I don't sound like I am begging for likes or comments or whatever- because that's not my intention. I just love interacting with people,, it makes me really happy haha. Dont feel obliged to do anything!! but if you feel like it!!

Have an awesome day guys!

And to think... I actually thought I would never get to see you..

Chapter Notes

SO SORRY FOR THE WAIT!

I had MAJOR writers block for the majority of this chapter... which is not pog... so-sorry in advance if it is just cringe or overall bad lmao... I tried my best, and the encouragement of my friends and your guises comments definitely helped push me along.

But... Here it is! Enjoy- I have a tw at the very bottom of the chapter in the end notes (because some of you suggested to do that.) so if you NEED to check for trigger warnings go check there... but, if you can withhold from looking that would be great cause looking at the tw will spoil the chapter.

ALSO DREAM TEAM + KARL WON MCC I AM SO HAPPY RIGHT NOW
YESSSSSSSSSS

And lastly... I love my beta reader KiyoshiUnknown they are the best thank you so so much <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The police investigation went like this;

Three officers arrived within a half hour after calling. One of the officers pulled George aside to hear his story again in detail while the other two spent the time to examine the “evidence” along with the rest of George’s flat. They found the reason for the power outage to be the breaker needing to be reset.

George, still shaken up by the rather terrifying night, tried to tell his story in as much detail as possible. Between the first day of being followed all the way up to finding the note in his apartment receding a day in Brighton. The officer listening to his story would occasionally write down notes and ask questions, but otherwise would let George speak while giving him an unreadable look.

A little bit later the other two officers would link up with George and their companion to give them the rundown of what they had found and the conclusion was this; after looking around there seemed to be no point of forceful entry. No items of George’s were broken, touched, or stolen. The evidence provided had no prints that could be traced to anyone other than George- and the handwriting on the letter was untraceable as well. From there, the officer doing the interview added in what he had heard from George stating that with the physical evidence of there being a breakin, there was no way to prove George's statements. To the officers the note that was

supposedly left behind was absurd, and seemed as fake as fuck. Even George's statements about being followed days prior meant nothing because there was no actual way to *prove* that actually happened.

So, to put it shortly, they told him there was nothing they could do.

Even though it seemed that the officers were convinced that George's claims were either a simple misunderstanding or some sort of elaborate prank, they didn't completely want to disregard George's claims completely. So, before officially parting ways, they told him that if something were to happen again, contact them immediately.

...George wasn't sure he was going to take them up on that offer.

It was rather infuriating actually. The fact that after calling in for some help, they basically came in and disproved most of his claims- called him delusional- then just parted ways within a couple hours. The problem of the matter was that George was *certain* that all of this was real. That there *actually* was someone that broke into his house. George knows he's not crazy, and it was absurd for the police to think he actually was.

At least, he was pretty sure he wasn't crazy-

No matter. George had other things to worry about... A lot had happened and, looking back at it now, even without being in a midst of a panic attack it was hard for George to process. Between the fact that someone wanted him **dead** .. The police didn't believe him, *AND* the fact that Dream was going to be in the UK in about ... *9 hours-*

There was a lot to think about.

First off, you would expect George to be still in a constant state of panic with all things considered but surprisingly, George felt alright... He was pretty tired, but that could be the result of not sleeping the night before. The police left in the middle of the night, and between that time and daybreak he spent the rest of his time cleaning up his flat in preparation of Dream arriving soon.

Now, at around 10am, George was sitting slouched on his couch with the TV mumbling on in the background as he contemplated what he wanted to pass the time.

Normally at this time he was either on call with his friends or playing minecraft. But, with Dream in the middle of his fight, there was no way he was going to be able to play. George wasn't about to play alone either.

Speaking of Dream, George was excited for his friend's upcoming arrival. He was a little nervous too, but this was the first time he would see his friend in person. So the situation warranted for him to have that sort of emotion. Especially considering George had no idea what Dream looked like.

... hopefully he's pretty.

What the fuck?

George falters as he catches himself in his own thoughts. What the hell was wrong with him- 'hopefully he's pretty'? What was that- George shook his head at himself. They were just friends. They enjoyed each other's company. Dream was coming to the UK because George might possibly be in active danger, not to actually see him and hang out with him. If Dream wanted to come to the UK to hang out he would have done it already. Dream is solely coming to make sure he wasn't dead or some crap. Probably because he felt obligated to do so, because under any other circumstance, George couldn't find a reason as to why he would even consider making the trip to London.

George glances over at his phone sitting on the coffee table. Normally, by now he would have tried texting him at least once. But, checking the time again, Dream would be in the middle of trying to board his flight, which means he probably shouldn't be a bother.

But... There was someone else he could contact.

George reaches over and grabs his phone, quickly scrolling through his contacts before pressing call.

It only rings about twice before he gets an answer.

"George!" A voice exclaimed, slight worry in their tone.

"Sapnap! How are you?"

*“How am I doing- How are **you** ? Are you okay- were the police able to help??”*

George scoffed, *‘were the police able to help’*- They didn’t do jack shit.

“Yeah, Sapnap, I am fine. The police said there wasn’t enough evidence to do anything about the breakin-”

“Not enough evidence? That's a load of bullshit. Someone literally broke into your house!” Sapnap exclaimed.

“I know-” George hesitated, “Wait. How did you even know about someone breaking in...? I- uh, never got to tell you,”

“Well Dream called me last night- He was pretty worried about you. I considered contacting you myself but Dream said you were probably busy talking with the police. Did you manage to see who broke in?”

George grimaces, lip pressing into a thin line. “No... unfortunately not. They left a letter though...” George glances at the now empty coffee table, now devoid of any creepy letters.

“A letter?”

George chuckled nervously. “Yeah. A letter,” He thought for a moment while Sapnap waited for him to elaborate further. “It was set up all neat in the middle of my living room. The note inside was written in red ink basically telling me I am not allowed to talk to Dream anymore,”

“What?” Sapnap stated, exasperated.

“I know. Said that if I don’t comply there will be consequences though,”

George was a little surprised in himself, the way that he was able to talk so freely and nonchalantly about it... the night before George could barely even think about it without instigating his panic. Now, he was almost speaking as if he was talking about some dumb teenage drama with one of his mates just like back in highschool.

"... isn't Dream going to be in the UK in a couple of hours though..?"

"Yeah he is," George smiles as he picks at the couch cushion he found himself sitting at. It still baffled him that Dream was going to be in London in a couple of hours. He felt his stomach twist in slight nerves.

"Well... Are you excited?" Sapnap stated with a slight hint of playfulness in his tone.

"I'm nervous,"

"Don't be nervous. Look, just picture a tan Florida man with blonde hair and green eyes and then, BOOM! You got Dream. He won't be that hard to find,"

George laughs at Sapnap's obvious joke before sobering a little bit as he lets his mind run. "It's not just that.. it's that- what if he doesn't like seeing me in person...?Or- or- what if he thinks I'm annoying or more of a burden or whatever..? what if- he just hates me or--"

"That's not going to happen George. You're going to be fine. Dream is going to like you for who you are. We are all best friends. And hanging out online or in person doesn't change that,"

Sapnap's statement was sincere, George sighs, taking in Sapnap's comments. He thinks back to the warnings on the letter from the night before..

"What if... by having Dream come here I am just putting him in danger- the note specifically said that I wasn't allowed to contact Dream-" He laughs blankly at himself "and what's the first thing I did? I contacted Dream," he sighs, pressing a hand to his face "God I'm such an idiot,"

"It was Dream's choice to come wasn't it? I don't see how that is your fault-"

"I shouldn't have told him! I specifically wasn't supposed to tell him- And yet I still did..." ***and I am not sure I can forgive myself if god forbid something actually happened to him-***

“George. You guys will be fine, you guys will have eachothers backs. Don’t worry,”

George nods, sighing, “Yeah.. Thanks Sapnap,”

“It’s no problem, and hey, be sure to contact me later okay? I need to go to class now, but I am free all evening,”

George smiles a little. What a nerd, still in school, “Sure thing, Sappitus Nappitus. Talk to you later,”

“See ya,” And with that, Sapnap hung up.

Post call, George dropped his phone onto the couch right beside him, sighing. Glancing at the clock he still had hours before he needed to start heading to the airport and the all-nighter from the night before was finally starting to get to him.

George continued to watch TV to pass the time... but eventually George found himself sprawled out horizontally along the couch cushions, and with time... the world slowly faded away into a sleepy bliss.

Hours later George awoke to the sound of a sudden alarm going off.

Startled, George *almost* rolled off the couch onto the carpeted floor on accident, but he quickly caught himself. He must have fallen asleep on accident... because it wasn’t really his intention to pass out in such an uncomfortable spot. Not that he was upset necessarily, he probably needed the sleep anyway.

Searching for the noise George rummaged through the couch including between the cushions. Eventually finding his phone, George blinks as he attempts to turn off the alarm. After the noise had ceased George looked over to the clock to try and remember why he set the alarm in the first place.

4:15

Shit. That's right. Dream would be here in less than an hour. He needed to head to the airport.

George sprang into action, jumping off the couch and reaching for the remote to turn off the TV. He then went to the bathroom to quickly brush out his bed head before slipping on his shoes and coat, heading out the door.

Once outside, George was met by a cold breeze. It wasn't insanely cold, but without a jacket it probably would have been uncomfortable.

George walked down the street at a brisk pace checking his clock again. 4:37. He could walk to the airport, but he would definitely be late... which was something George didn't want to be during Dream's first time in London. So, George thought of the next best thing walking to the edge of the street to flag down the next available taxi.

In less than a minute a yellow vehicle pulled up next to George and he quickly hopped inside, instructing the driver to head to the airport. The man in the driver's seat complied, pulling away from the curbside and into the midst of traffic.

George leaned up against the window, watching cars pass by on the other side of the street. After a moment he thought to text Dream to let him know he was on his way, even though Dream wouldn't get it until he landed.

George: Hey I am on my way to the airport now. Can't wait to see you!

George sighs, putting his phone back into his pocket as he continued to look out the window. It still baffled him that Dream was seriously coming to London... What was he even going to say when they first met up? Was it going to be awkward? Do they hug? Or does he just say hi- maybe a handshake?

What are the boundaries of meeting your best friend for the first time in person.

The Taxi would pull up to the line at a stop light, just missing the cut off of the line of cars before them. George glanced over at the driver who was dusting off his dash while waiting at the red light. The moment it turned green however the driver looked back straight ahead, pressing on the gas to propel the car forward. George turns his attention back to the window...

... and that's when he saw it.

George saw the lights of a black car speeding through the intersection at a line perpendicular to their own vehicle.

He didn't even have time to react- because in less than a blink of an eye the car made contact with the side of the Taxi.

The impact sent the taxi spinning as the sounds of screeching tires, tearing metal, and deafening screams filled the air around him. Was he the one screaming? He wasn't sure- but the question wouldn't be answered because before he was given a moment to process there would be a second impact- Slamming George's head straight into a hard surface on his left side. Then, all momentum stopped completely.

The world was silent other than a dull ring in George's ears.

Something was burning.

Water was trickling down the side of his face.

George tried to blink but even the attempt made him lethargic.

His vision was blurring at the edges.

And when he tried to breathe his chest was filled with a white hot pain.

And then...

... There was nothing.

tw// car crash

Uhhh..... :)

Your smile can be my band-aid

Chapter Notes

Look- IM SORRY!!!

I swear, I did NOT mean for this chapter to take as long as it did... I've had a hectic week in a half between halloween (I made my own costume!), Being hired for some freelance work, my english teacher deciding its a bright idea to assign TWO PROJECTS and then the election (WHICH IS STRESSFUL AS F U C K). I tried really hard to get this out asap as possible but life seemed to want to work against me this time round... which was probably the worst time cause I left you guys on a pretty bad cliffhanger (now maybe a little sorry,, considering I took so long. Although- still not that much c:) But, Its finally here!! I hope you guys enjoy! And I hope it meets your expectations... This chapter was actually a little rough for me to write cause I was feeling super illiterate, but luckily I had an AWESOME friend to look over my stuff and correct my grammatical errors..

I swear. it was worth it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everything was fuzzy.

“-in here!” Smoke was everywhere- movement pulling at the wall he was leaning up against...

It felt as if his brain was empty, full of clouds, and as slow as molasses at the same time..

...A mask was pulled over his face- forcing cool air into his stinging lungs...

Sometimes there would be voices, or movements, but everything was too hazy-

..The blue sky above him disappeared as it was replaced by an enclosed white ceiling...

-too broken... he couldn't remember any of it-

A light flashed in his eyes “..ir- can you hear me? What is your name-”

-Time went by all too fast...

“-orge... I am so sorry...”

... He couldn't even think.

The initial thing George was aware of was the steady beep filling the quiet air.

At first it was soft, practically unnoticeable... but as time went on it cut more and more into his dreams of nothingness.

The room he was in was really cold, the thin sheets on top of him barely giving him enough warmth. Except for his left hand, which was radiating warm energy from some unknown source.

George wanted to open his eyes, but he was too lethargic... too tired to do so...

It was hard to fight the cloud that was fogging up his brain. Although, the more time George spent pushing against the fog, the clearer his mind became and with time things became sharper, leaving him in a new sense of awareness.

And it hurt.

To put it bluntly, it felt like he was hit by a train. His body ached with all sorts of unaccounted bruises and pains. Breathing hurt, and his head pounded as he tried to focus more intently on the world around him.

George was confused- he couldn't remember why the fuck he was feeling this way... he feels like he must be missing something.

He slowly blinked his eyes open, pausing only for a moment to allow the blurriness to clear from his vision- once everything was sharp enough George took a moment to take survey of the room he found himself in.

The room was dimly lit by what looked to be the rising sun as it barely peaked over the horizon from the window to his right, allowing him to see colors and soft features of the objects within the room. The room itself was white with brown cabinets lining the walls above a countertop on one side of the room. Everything was clean too, like, *super clean*. George wasn't sure how to put it but everything seemed... sterile- which... was nothing like his room, or any of his flat for that matter, so it was obvious he wasn't home. As he tried to think more intently about what the fuck happened or where the fuck he was, his head began to throb at a new degree- causing him tense up as he squeezed his eyes shut, inhaling sharply- only to be met by more pain in his chest.

He winced leaning back into his pillow a little more as he tried to still to get comfortable... White.. Empty room... sterile smell...

Was he in the hospital?

Oh god-

George shivered.

It was cold.

Hospitals are cold.

George, who was uncomfortable by the cold room, subconsciously tightened his grip on the warm sensation in his left hand by the tiniest amount. It took George a moment to even register the action, but when he did it was a reminder he still had no idea *why* his hand was warm while the rest of the room was just so.. cold. Curiosity peaked, George moved his attention to his left to see what the source of the warmth could possibly be and...

George's heart skipped a beat.

A person was sitting beside him with their fingers interlocked with Georges. The person- man- in question was hunched over in a chair, resting their head on the edge of the bed, face buried in the crook of their left elbow...

The position looked terribly uncomfortable.

George should be upset- no, *scared* . That someone- *a stranger* . Was sitting literally inches from his injured form... but... oddly enough, their touch was comforting... no, *grounding*. The simple contact overriding the pain that he felt within his body, whilst his nerves hummed a low excited buzz in the pit of his stomach.

Who the hell was this guy?

George examined the man's wavy blonde locks, his tanned skin, bright yellow hoodie....

And then it hit him-

Dream.

George's heart skipped a beat- Dream was here- Dream was here *right next to him*- Dream was right next to him ***holding his hand.***

He stared in shock for a moment, watching Dreams sleeping figure as his chest rose and fell evenly while he breathed into his elbow.. And it was only then in that moment that George realized how bad he wanted to see his friends face- *to hear his voice-*

George weakly squeezed Dreams hand as tightly as he could as he tried to call out his name-

“...dre..am...?” George croaked out, not used to speaking.

At first George worried that Dream didn’t hear him, thinking that he was going to have to use even more of his energy to get a response. But then...

Dream squeezed back.

Suddenly, the man in yellow inhaled sharply, sitting up as he pulled himself out of the sleepy haze he had been in. He furrowed his brow as he blinked in an attempt to clear his mind- yellow eyes focusing in on George. After a moment of staring, the gears seem to click in Dream’s head as his facial expression morphed from one of confusion to one of pure shock.

Dream stops breathing for a moment.

“... George..?”

The brit’s lip pulled into a smile, quietly murmuring out a small response.

“..hi...”

Dream’s eyes lit up in pure elation as his smile beamed right back at George. His grip tightened as he scanned every inch of George’s face- mouth opening and closing a few times.

He looked like a fish... *but why did he think that was kinda... cute?*

“ *Oh my god..* **George!** You’re okay- Jesus christ man I-” he huffed, his voice starting to bubble up with nervous yet broken laughter as he proceeded to look down at the ground “you’re such an idiot...”

George watched Dream carefully as they fell into a comfortable silence. Dream balled the sleeve of his hoodie in his free hand and brought it up to his face... was Dream... Crying..?

George cleared his throat. "Dream..?" George attempted in a concerned tone- voice clearer than moments before.

Dream exhaled dramatically, before turning up to look at George with a smile and glistening eyes.

"I'm fine.. Just- glad you're okay."

George furrowed his eyebrows at Dream... He was a little confused on that part- he knew he *wasn't okay*- the hospital was sort of a dead giveaway of that. But... he didn't exactly know *what happened*. Last thing he recalled was catching a taxi to pick up Dream from the airport... but from there he had nothing. Everything was just sort of.. A blur.

George stayed silent for another moment before expressing his thoughts.

"Why... what happened?" he asked hesitantly, giving Dream a confused look. And almost immediately- Dream's smile faltered and shoulders tensed. He studied George carefully, and after another moment of hesitation Dream stood up, dropping George's hand.

"I am going to go get the doctor- try to.. try to not fall back asleep while I am gone okay?"

George nodded lightly in acknowledgment. Then Dream swiftly left the room, leaving George to his own devices.

Sitting all alone, George used his now free hand to pull the sheets of the bed up further- the room feeling even colder than before with Dream gone.

The profound silence of the room made George feel *very* alone... but with the euphoria of meeting Dream subsiding, George was able to take in the status of his injuries.

His right shoulder was wrapped and splinted, to the point where his whole right arm was practically unusable- not like he tried, though. It was probably safe to say that if he did attempt to

move it- it would probably hurt. alot. So he didn't even try.

George also moved his left hand to touch his head lightly, a lot of it was wrapped with bandages... Did he hit his head? That would explain the headache. It was getting more and more frustrating that George still had no recollection of what happened. What made it even worse was that the moment he asked about it, Dream simply stood up and left- which wasn't helpful at all.

He still couldn't wrap his head around the fact that Dream was even here.

George took a deep breath, and sighed. He immediately regretted that decision as his chest was stabbed with a sharp pain once again. He winced.

Okay. not cool.

Before George could mull over it any more, the door to his room swung open as a man in light blue scrubs with a clipboard walked into the room while Dream followed. The man quickly closed the distance, standing by the right side of George's bed while Dream seemed to hover in the corner of the room with his arms folded over his chest.

The man in blue adjusted a clipboard in his hand as he began to speak. "Hello George, I am Doctor Johnson. I'm glad you are finally awake. How are you feeling?"

George grimaced, as he moved his left hand to hold his chest lightly, while the doctor looked at him expectantly.

"uhm... my chest kind of hurts..." he stated softly, and within moments of his response Doctor Johnson marked something down on his clipboard, humming in acknowledgment before he spoke.

"That is to be expected, although we can up your painkillers a little bit to help with the pain. You are suffering from three fractured ribs on your right side and a bruised rib on your left. We are going to have to minimize your movement for a while to avoid risk of further aggravation. Luckily, your ribs didn't puncture any organs upon impact, so the recovery should be a lot smoother than what was initially anticipated."

George gaped at him- three broken *ribs*... That was absurd- at least that explained the chest pain but- he had no recollection of this at all?

“Also,” The doctor continued, “Be careful with your right shoulder. You dislocated it so it is going to be tender for a while. It should be unmovable with the splint though, so as long as you don’t actively try to take it off or move it, there should be no reason for concern.”

George was baffled. This was a lot to take in.

“How... what even happened?”

Doctor Johnson gave him a calculated look, “Do you not recall what happened at all?”

George shook his head.

“Hm.” The Doctor hummed and wrote something down on his clipboard, then continued with his thought. “Well George, what is the last thing you remember?”

George thinks for a moment, “The last thing I remember was catching a taxi to head to the airport-”

“And before that?”

“Uhh... Mainly just cleaning up my flat...”

“And what about this man over here, do you remember him?” Doctor Johnson questioned as he pointed his pen in Dreams direction.

“Thats Dream.” George stated decisively.

Doctor Johnson looked in Dreams direction, giving him a rather perplexed look.

Dream at first looked back at the doctor with a similar look before his eyes seemed to flash in realization, and he laughed nervously.

“Oh- haha, that's my nickname.”

George would have questioned the interaction further but Doctor Johnson quickly picked the conversation back up after Dream's affirmation.

“Well. You do have a moderate concussion, so I suspect you might have slight amnesia surrounding the event. There is a decent chance that with time you will begin to remember the event in small pieces. But, to fill you in- while on your way to the airport you ended up being involved in a fatal car accident in an intersection off Main Street.”

George looked down at his hands. Yeah, he didn't have any recollection of that at all.. but- it did sound familiar... plausible. Like that feeling you get when you have a word on the tip of your tongue but you can't really spit it out.

George hesitated,

“... Wait- *Fatal*? But I am fine-”

“The driver of your vehicle didn't make it.”

“O-oh.” George falters, what was he really supposed to say to that? Really, what was he supposed to say to any of this-

“The driver suffered worse injury than you due to the driver side making impact with a street pole. We speculate it was the initial impact that killed him.. The wreck was pretty bad. You're lucky to be alive.”

George fell silent, he didn't know what to say. Someone *died*- And apparently he almost did as well.

“Well... did everyone else make it out okay..?”

“We are unsure. We assume so. The driver of the other vehicle involved in the collision was nowhere to be found when authorities arrived on site. They probably ran to avoid charges since they were at fault. So far there is an ongoing investigation but we haven’t found the driver yet.”

George numbly nods.

At least nobody else got hurt.

Doctor Johnson clicks his pen closed before putting it into his pocket. He looked over at Dream who perked up slightly at being acknowledged.

“I am going to leave you two be. A nurse will be in later to check in and maybe up his painkillers a little bit. Make sure that he doesn’t mess with his bandages.”

Dream smiled the slightest bit, “Sure thing Doc.” he stated playfully. Doctor Johnson sighed, sparing them both a light smile before making his departure, door shutting behind him.

Dream and George look at each other.

Silence.

“Well you look different in person.”

Dream *wheezed* .

“*What-*” He let himself catch his breath slightly “What did you expect me to look like?”

George smirked “I dunno. Some green blob or something. Maybe an amalgamate from the future or a guy forever trapped in one of those neon green skin suits.”

Dream giggled, “You are absolutely ridiculous.”

George rolled his eyes, “Hardly.”

Dream moved to sit down at the chair next to George, and George watched him carefully as he did so. Having Dream here made him so *happy* despite the circumstances, and honestly? He could care less at the moment. Just seeing Dream smile- *laugh*, in person meant the world to him. Those bright eyes, dusty freckles, playful smirk-

“What are you smiling at?” Dream asked, raising an eyebrow playfully.

“I can’t believe you flew all the way out to London.”

Dream looked down at the ground, “Well, I wanted to make sure you were alright.” he stated sincerely.

George faltered slightly, he honestly expected Dream to throw a half assed joke or retort at him. But that was.. Sincere. He leaned back against his pillow, staring up at the ceiling as he sighed. Allowing his muscles to relax as fatigue started to slowly creep up on him.

“Yeah, *okay* Dream.” He chuckled, “You’re such a simp.”

“What? I am not-” Dream chuckled, before sombering again. “Seriously though... are you sure you are alright?”

George moved his head over slightly to glance at Dream sitting beside him, catching his concerned look George sombered as well.

“Yeah.. are you?”

Dream hesitated for a moment at the question, probably not expecting it. “Yeah- I’m fine. Just worried about you.. I guess.”

George closed his eyes, sighing as a smirk covered his lips once more, “Simp.”

Dream chuckled but didn’t respond, allowing silence to fill the room again. And for a minute, George considered fighting the fatigue that was rapidly creeping up on him, to get more time to spend with his best friend he *finally* met in person. But in the end, he couldn’t do it- slowly his cognitive thought slipped away from him, as he fell into darkness once more.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooooo.....

Dream's in the UK!!!

AND GOGY IS OKAY!!! :D

I would loveee to hear your feedback! All the comments on the last chapter was AMAZING- and made me super hype to write the next one, if life didn't get in the way so much- I probably would have gotten it done in like 3 days I swear.. Next chapter is a little different than the others, so it might take a little longer- lets just say you guys are in for a treat :D I would say a week max? assuming school doesn't screw me.

Would you guys want like a twitter page or like a discord so I can update you guys more frequently on chapter progress? or to just talk about the fic in general...?

I told you everything was going to be fine...

Chapter Notes

I AM ALIVE!!!!

Look: I am so sorry for two reasons...

1. THIS TOOK ME WAYYYY TOO LONG!!! 3 weeks??? Thats stupid. I am really sorry for making y'all wait. You guys deserve so much better :(I hope the length of this chapter makes up for it... it is 4x longer than my average chapter (coming out to be 7.8k+ words) This is a BIG FEAT for me- considering this is my first ever fic.

2. I am sorry... for the pain I have caused...

Enjoy!!!

ps. this chapter is a little treat... its in Dreams POV :)

TW ARE AT THE BOTTOM!! CHECK IF YOU NEED TOO!

ALSO ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE FOOTNOTES! I HAVE A DISCORD NOW!
PLEASE CHECK!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I am going to be there soon. You're going to be fine."

"See you soon."

Dream pulled his phone away from his face, pressing the end call button on the middle of the screen- allowing silence to fill the room.

At first, Dream was frozen. He stared blankly at his computer screen in front of him, displaying the

receipt of the plane ticket he bought moments before. The situation felt... surreal- The last 20 minutes had just been a fever dream, to where he felt that within moments he would wake up in bed, greeted by the Florida sun.

Although, as another moment passed, the realization set in that he wasn't waking up from this.

It was like tunnel vision. As the gears turned within Dream's brain he locked in on the minor goals. Get packed. Go to the airport. Board the plane. Get to George. Dream quickly stood, grabbing the navy blue suitcase from his closet and then tossing it onto the grey sheets of his bed. He unzipped it, displaying the empty space before quickly moving to fill it- grabbing necessary things like shirt, pants, undergarments, toiletries. Item after item- goal after goal.

Although, as he continued to work on such a mundane task, his mind couldn't help but replay some of the events of the conversation now a couple of minutes prior. Never before had his head felt so clear and yet so distracted all at the same time. Whilst he was focused on the goal at hand, his thoughts ran rampant. He needed to get to George, that was clear. But what happens then? Was 24 hours too long? Everything was jumbled, but honestly- how could you expect otherwise? His best friend was in danger... and as of now, he couldn't *do anything* .

Dream thought back to the call. He was sitting at his desk- listening to Spotify while editing a video when his phone started ringing. Of course, he answered, it was George, how could he not? But- when he answered. The sound of broken sobs simply shattered his day.

His chest felt tight. He had *never* heard George sound that afraid. Everything between them had always been a joke. Their whole livelihood, friendship, was built around lighthearted jabs and silly pranks. Only occasionally were they actually serious, and those occasions were few and far in-between.

But this wasn't a joke. This was real.

And oh- did he hate that *it was real* .

The worst part about all of it was that Dream felt helpless, and Dream *hated* feeling that way. Throughout his life, he had always had some sort of sense of control. Whether it was being a dominant voice in a conversation or acting on his own impulse to change a situation he was in, it was safe to say he was an impactful figure in most situations. And yes- flying to London was in fact an *impulsive* decision. He couldn't wish time to go faster- or the flight to leave earlier. In this situation, Dream had done everything he could do, so everything beyond that was out of his control. And even that didn't feel enough.

Dream settled the last of his items into his suitcase, before turning to grab a hoodie from his closet- it was lime green with a black smiley on it, one of his classic merch items. He considered throwing it in the bag with everything else. But then thought better of it. George had no idea what he looks like- so if he wanted to give him any chance of finding him, he might as well wear something recognizable to the airport. So, he slipped the lime green hoodie over his head, refusing to give it any more thought as he turned his attention back to the suitcase that lay in front of him.

Looking down at the items he had laid out, he felt like something was missing, he turned back to his closet- and dug through his t-shirts before landing his eyes on a royal blue shirt. He pulled it out and held it in front of himself. George really liked blue- mainly because it was one of the few colors he could see. Dream felt his face warm slightly, at the thought of George smiling, laughing, at his stupid consideration.

George won't be able to laugh if he is killed before you get there.

Dream's happy train of thought was shattered, as he settled the final item of clothing into the suitcase before him.

He didn't realize his hands were shaking until he zipped it closed.

Dream ran a hand through his soft blonde hair as he fell back onto the mattress beside him. He glanced over to the clock on his wall. 3:30pm. His flight didn't leave till slightly past midnight.

Shit.

Dream sighed, shakily pulling out his phone. Maybe he should check on George? No- That wouldn't be good. He literally just got off the phone with him, and if he listened to Dream's advice he would be dealing with the police by now. His fingers hovered- at a loss of what to do. He didn't feel like doing anything to "kill time" because every option that he could think of felt like a disservice to George. But he already was ready to go- at least to the extent of his knowledge. It wasn't like he was forgetting something...

Wait- what about *someone*.

Sapnap.

It only took Dream a matter of seconds to send him a message:

[3:34pm] Dream: hey you got a minute?

Within seconds bubbles started appearing. Dream sat idly staring at his phone screen, as he awaited the upcoming message.

[3:35pm] Snapmap: yeah man whats up?

[3:35pm] Dream: hop on vc on discord

Dream sat up and moved to his desk, opening up the discord app on his desktop and called Sapnap. He brushed his hair back with his hand as he fitted on his headset, then gripped his right hand nervously as he awaited the familiar discord tone to signify Sapnap entering the call.

Badum-

“Sup Dream.”

“Hey Sapnap-” he exhales blatantly. “You have a moment?”

“Yeah of course, I was just working on stupid stuff for finals. What’s up?”

Dream pauses for a moment. He didn’t really plan this part out- how exactly was he supposed to explain everything? Would George be upset that he told Sapnap?

Well. Guess it is a little late to be taking that into consideration.

“Okay- well. Earlier today George called me-”

“Already sounds like a trip.”

“Sapnap, please.”

Sapnap silenced after that- finally picking up on Dream's tone. This was serious.

“... George called me, like, randomly. And I answered and he was panicking. And- I had never heard him that upset before. George doesn't get upset like that. Even with stuff related to his family. It took me a while to calm him down. But, when I did- he started talking... and he told me that someone broke into his house-”

*“Someone did **what?** ”* Sapnap finally broke in, his joking manner completely lost, as his voice was laced with a twinge of venom.

“Yeah- I know.” Dream grit his teeth, grabbing his hair slightly. “Overall, he was just afraid- because he came back from Brighton to find his apartment was broken into... and Sapnap- I- he sounded so *scared* . And, and like, he's out there *alone* . I couldn't just continue to sit here, thousands of miles away and let things happen- what if something else happens and one of us are not there to help?”

“What did you do?” Sapnap asks the same way you would ask a dog who's chewed up your favorite socks.

“I bought a ticket to London- I am leaving tonight.”

Sapnap is silent for a moment.

Dream shifts in his chair, propping an elbow on his desk and pressing the palm of his hand to his forehead.

“I just- I don’t know. I can’t just leave him there Sapnap. I am *really worried*. What if something worse happens, and I am not there to protect him?”

“No no- Dream. I completely understand. It's just- Do you want me to come with you?”

Dream thought about it for a moment. He would *really* enjoy Sapnaps company, and he was pretty certain George would too. He hadn’t expected the younger man to offer.

“I mean, if you can that would honestly be great...” Dream pauses, considering the full extent of Sapnaps offer. “Wait- what about college?”

“I can probably get away from it, this seems important enough,” Sapnap states determinedly.

“Didn’t you mention finals coming up sometime this week?”

Sapnap falters for a moment. *“I mean- Yeah. But- I probably can try to take a makeup exam or something.”*

Dream straightens, staring at Sapnaps icon on the screen. Sapnap was the only one out of the three of them that still had school- being the youngest along with being the only one that had actually gone to a proper college. Dream, although out of the schooling system was aware of the importance of events like finals along with other big schooling projects. And whilst he really wanted to have Sapnaps company- he didn’t want to be the catalyst of Sapnap receiving a failing grade, and he was sure George didn’t either. Not to mention, things could turn out fine- and Dream was sure he could handle it himself.

“No- Sapnap, you can’t just skip out on finals like that. Your parents would kill you-”

“But like you said- George is all out there alone.”

“Yeah- but I am heading over there soon. So I can be there to protect him.”

Dream can hear Sapnap’s audible sigh over the phone, most likely mulling over his options, which were quickly dwindling to have the same outcome.

"... You promise to keep me updated?"

"Yeah, one hundred percent."

The silence drags on as it takes a Sapnap a long moment to answer, but when he does- his serious tone is gone.

"Alright. I wouldn't want to interrupt your honeymoon anyway, But be aware I am not afraid to fly out there if things start to get hairy." Sapnap states nonchalantly, pushing the conversation towards a lighter tone.

Dream laughs at that, a smile finally breaking through his brewing nerves.

"Laugh all you want green boy but I am fully aware of your intentions."

Dream scoffs. "Yeah right."

"Actually- now that I think about it, this is the first time George is going to see you in person. Are you ready for that?"

Dream stiffened slightly as his free hand fiddled with the cord of his headset. For the past hour or so his mind had been completely distracted by the looming idea of George getting harmed he didn't even consider the implications of actually meeting George in person. The nerves resurfaced, but instead of stinging like bees, they fluttered within his stomach like a patch of butterflies.

"I mean yeah, of course I am, why wouldn't I be?"

"I dunno. I was just checking, I know you still haven't shown him what you look like."

Dream twists the cord around his index finger. "Well- that's not really because I am self-conscious of what I look like." Dream states confidently, before faltering on his next utterance. "It's just- I don't know. I personally would be more worried about actually hanging out in person than my

looks.”

“You are scared that he might think you are overbearing in person?”

“I guess. I mean, it's just the simple translation of online interaction to real life- It's a lot different. So there is always a chance that he doesn't like me in person.” Dream allows his last words to hang in the air for a moment, unwilling to elaborate any further.

Sapnap hums, signifying possible understanding? *“I can see the concern. But you got to remember it's George. I am sure that no matter the outcome you two will be fine.”*

Dream nods subconsciously, forgetting that Sapnap can't see him do so as he looks over at the clock on his wall. 4:15pm.

“God. can time move any faster?” he groaned.

“Impatient much?” Sapnap laughed. *“Here, do you wanna hop on the SMP for a bit to kill some time?”*

Dream thought about it for a moment- before he got on-call he wasn't in the mood to do anything that was out of the realm of what he deemed 'productive' but, talking with Sapnap has quelled his nerves slightly, and honestly? Spending some time with the younger before boarding a plane seemed kind of nice.

“Sure, that actually sounds kind of nice.” Dream affirms.

“Noice.” Sapnap jokes whilst Dream booted up Minecraft.

Dream glanced at the clock one more time.

4:18pm.

In less than 24 hours, he would get to see his best friend in person.

What could go wrong with that?

The airport late at night was considerably less busy than in the middle of the day.

Dream had hopped off of call with Sapnap at about 6:30pm. The nerves of making sure George was alright on top of just the general nerves of meeting him in person got the best of him, killing his mood. Sapnap told him to get some sleep before his flight, but he simply couldn't, his mind running yet again as he felt that time was moving as slow as molasses. He spent most of his time dwelling within his apartment, doing nothing. He even ended up leaving for the airport a full 3 hours before his flight. Which was rather rare considering his carefree nature when it came to travel, and distaste for airports.

So, with the extra time along with the lack of traffic within the airport, Dream had a rather easy time making his way through security, and finding a seat outside the proper gate his flight would be boarded. Now it was yet again, a waiting game.

With the extra time to just sit there, Dream finally decided it was okay to send George a message.

[12:23am] Dream: hey are you doing alright?

Dream didn't entirely expect George to answer, at least, not immediately- but, to his surprise within a couple of seconds white bubbles started to appear on the left side of his screen.

[12:24am] Gogy: Yeah, the police just left a little bit ago

That was a relief to say the least. Dream nimbly typed out another message.

[12:24am] Dream: how did that go?

[12:25am] Gogy: They told me there was nothing they could do. There was no evidence of a break in

Dream stilled. Not enough evidence? That was absurd.

[12:26am] Dream: wdym not enough evidence?

[12:28am] Gogy: During the investigation they couldn't find any sources of break in, or prints. They think i'm delusional

[12:29am] Dream: you're not delusional

Dream pauses for a moment, seeing if George had some sort of comment, but no bubbles appear. So after a moment of waiting Dream shoots a follow-up message.

[12:31am] Dream: i can't believe they can't do anything

[12:31am] Gogy: I know right

[12:32am] Gogy: At least you'll be here in a couple of hours.

Dream smiled at that, before quickly typing out another message.

[12:33am] Dream: awwwww you can't wait to see me??

[12:33am] Gogy: God I'll take it back

[12:33am] Dream: you know you love me :))

[12:34am] Gogy: You wish

[12:35am] Dream: don't worry, your knight in shining armor is coming to save you

Right after Dream finished typing out that message, a feminine voice carried over the intercom.

"Passengers for American Airlines Flight 523 to London will begin boarding in approximately two minutes at gate G6. Please have your tickets ready and be prepared to board."

Dream glances down at his phone, recognizing that he will be boarding soon.

[12:36am] Dream: speaking of which. i actually will have to go soon, i am about to board

He starts to pack up his stuff, putting away his charger and laptop before zipping up his black backpack. Within this time, another announcement is called for groups one and two to line up for their tickets to be scanned. Dream being a part of group two moves to stand, gripping his backpack before swinging it over his shoulder. Other people in the area also move themselves and their carry-on bags to form a line behind the desk outside the Gate towards the aircraft. While moving himself, Dream's phone vibrates in his hand. He presses the home button to see George's response appear on screen.

[12:37am] Gogy: Cool, have a nice flight :]

Dream smiles, unlocking his phone to shoot one more message.

[12:41am] Dream: see you soon gogy ;)

Dream swipes up the menu on his phone and sets it to airplane, before sliding the device into his back pocket. From there, he pulls out his ticket just in time to offer it to the flight attendant. The lady with blonde hair took it, scanning it before turning back to Dream with a smile.

“Have a nice flight.” She voices. Dream nods in return, muttering a soft thank you before heading down the long corridor.

As Dream boards the plane he sits down in one of the aisles towards the front, taking the window seat. He quickly closes the shade viewing the outside, already aware that seeing the aircraft lift hundreds of feet into the air would make the experience of flight so much worse.

Dream has never been a fan of heights. So whilst he could handle flying, it has never been a good experience for him. He sighs, buckling his seatbelt whilst setting up some music on his phone to try and calm the nerves that were starting to dwell within his chest once more.

While he was settling down, an older couple came and sat down in the two open seats next to him. They briefly flashed a smile at him but otherwise kept to themselves, and Dream was rather grateful for that fact.

Then, the next thing Dream knew, the plane was set to take off. And minutes later, it did. Surprisingly it was smooth sailing for the most part, with only minor turbulence. But besides that fact, Dream still gripped the side of his chair rather tightly turning the whole takeoff. Once things leveled out, Dream relaxed slightly. Despite being in airplane mode, Dream still checked his text from George, glancing over their last sent messages, he smiled.

I'm going to be there soon Geroge.

Dream didn't sleep through the whole flight.

Turns out that an 8-hour flight gives you a lot of time to think. Through the hours of sitting there, Dream had enough time to mull over the George situation, what he was going to tell his fans when he falls off the face of the earth for a little bit, and what to say to George upon meeting.

As for that last point. Dream had thought about it quite a bit. Because here's the thing, Dream likes George, he was pretty sure of it at least. The only problem with that- is he wasn't sure how George felt in return. So, likewise, there was always that nervous undertone within his thoughts where he worried that his actions or impulses could affect their friendship. And in the end- as bold as Dream was- he wasn't willing to risk that.

So, Dream had decided, until George had shown a sign of reciprocating said feelings, he was going to be very chill. Take it as they normally would, just friends. He was aware that the sole reason he was in London was to make sure George was alright, not to test the waters for something more. *Despite how much he might want to.*

All in all. Dream's mission was to do what is comfortable for George and nothing more. When they meet, maybe they would share a friendly hug and poke some sort of joke at one another. Then, they would most likely head over to George's apartment to hang out until Dream passed out from jet lag- Dream smiles. Honestly, it seemed like a really fun evening, and he couldn't wait to finally spend some quality time with George in real life.

As the plane came to a complete stop, people started to fill the aisles as they attempted to push their way to the front of the plane. Surprisingly, Dream was rather patient, sitting back in his seat waiting for the people in the aisle to clear out, before reaching for his backpack from under his seat, then proceeding to make his way out of the plane.

Once outside, Dream pulls out his phone to alert George he had landed. Switching his phone off airplane mode, Dream received a text from George immediately.

[4:34pm] Gogy: *Hey I am on my way to the airport now. Can't wait to see you!*

Dream smiles at the message, despite the nervousness developing in his chest a fire of excitement, was lit in his heart. He was really excited to see his best friend, finally, in person. And at this rate- it would be only a matter of minutes before he would finally be able to do that.

[4:35pm] Dream: *pog*

[4:36pm] Dream: *i am going to go and go to luggage claim*

After sending out a message he stared at his phone to see if George would send a message in return. But alas, there were no gray bubbles appearing on the left side. Dream frowned slightly, disappointing.

“He’s probably just busy..” Dream mumbled to himself, closing out the text app. From there he spends some time wandering the corridors searching for the luggage pickup. Thank god Great Britain was an English speaking country- otherwise, Dream might have been royally fucked.

Luckily though, Dream was able to navigate his way through the airport to the luggage pickup and stood along the carousel as he awaited his bag to appear. He took out his phone once more to shoot George a quick update text, before promptly shoving his phone back into his pocket.

[4:44pm] Dream: *picking up my luggage now*

Dream watched as slowly bags started appearing from a chute a little down the line, promptly getting thrown down onto the carousel where it would be carried around in a circle displaying themselves to the other awaiting passengers. The bags would take up a whole bunch of different styles, some sleek and clean, while some others were rugged and worn. They also came in a range of colors from dark black to bright orange. Dream eventually ended up spotting his navy blue suitcase along with the carousel, grabbing it and pulling out the handle so he could roll it on the tiled floor of the airport.

Dream once again pulled out his phone, checking to see if he had any updates from George. Dragging down his notifications screen he was met with more radio silence. Strange. He would think George would be quick to keep contact with him *after* he had arrived. Yes, sometimes George

could be pretty bad at responding, but that normally was only when he was asleep. When he was awake and active, it usually only took him a few minutes to respond to Dream.

'Hm, Strange.' Dream mumbled to himself, starting to type out yet another message. Who knows, maybe he just fell asleep on the ride here, he was aware George probably didn't get much sleep, considering that he was up all night dealing with the police and most likely *being scared shitless*.

[4:53pm] Dream: just picked up my stuff. do you want to meet out front?

Dream hoped that phrasing it as a question would warrant a more active response, but yet again he was met with the same unmoving screen. He sighed, anxious nerves starting to creep up his back. George was fine, right? Just because he wasn't actively responding to him didn't mean that he was in any sort of active danger. *Right?*

Nothing could have happened- he literally was just texting me.

Dream hesitates while looking at the screen, silently trying to will some sort of response. Before eventually huffing, sliding his phone back into his pocket.

Dream made it outside to the passenger pickup area and waited patiently whilst leaning up against a wall. He periodically checked his phone every 30 seconds or so, whilst looking amongst the crowd to see if he could spot his British friend, who was most definitely looking for him.

But then 5 minutes passed.

Then 10 minutes.

The 15.

The next thing Dream knew, it had been 30 minutes, and still no signs of George.

Over time, Dream had gotten more and more anxious, sending a couple more messages in hopes of

a response.

[5:01pm] Dream: hey i am out front at the pickup area

[5:06pm] Dream: are you at the airport?

[5:11pm] Dream: georgieeee where are you

[5:16pm] Dream: oh georgeeee

[5:20pm] Dream: george?

[5:22pm] Dream: george are you alright?

[5:24pm] Dream: don't make me hunt you down

[5:26pm] Dream: george

[5:26pm] Dream: where are you

[5:27pm] Dream: george what the hell

[5:28pm] Dream: george

[5:30pm] Dream: george please respond

By this point, Dream was very anxious. His stomach was all twisted in knots in fear of what might have happened to George. George was not responding- and as the minutes went by the chances of him just *ignoring* Dream seemed to be more and more unlikely. Uneasiness flushed down his spine as he scanned the crowd once more, still failing to find a familiar face. What if the same person from earlier- broke into George's house and killed him? What if George was kidnapped on his way here? Leaving Dream stranded at the airport of a foreign country. Dream thought through his options- he would try to head over to Georges's apartment, but he didn't have the address written down on hand (because he didn't think he needed to, considering George was going to pick him up). Not to mention, hadn't even converted any of his American money to pounds. So it wasn't like he could use the currency he had on hand to buy a card for the bus. He had no idea where anything was located or how to get around.

So he was screwed.

Dream tried messaging George again, a simple '*george, please*' but was only met with more silence from the latter.

He considered contacting the police, but what if he was wrong? What if everything was fine, and he was just being delusional. How long should he wait to judge that? Wouldn't George have responded by now, if everything was okay? Luckily, though, he wouldn't have to wait to consider the answers to those questions.

His phone started ringing.

Dream didn't even look at the caller id- he just pressed the big green button and pressed the phone up to his ear.

"George! What the hell where ar-"

"Is this Clay?"

Dreams heart dropped.

"Uh- yes... who's asking?"

The second time the voice spoke, it was easier to tell the voice was feminine, and very much british. "My name is Mary Welsh and I am a nurse at St Thomas' Hospital. You are an emergency contact for George Davidson?"

"Emergency contact..." he murmured, taking in the words that were being transmitted over the crackly receiver. He was an emergency contact for George? How did that- he was going to ponder over the thought further before the words 'hospital' and 'emergency' finally registered. "Wait- Is George okay?" Fear struck him right in the chest. He was getting a phone call from someone in the hospital- as an emergency contact. That entailed that George was physically unable to call him himself, and was at the hospital.

"Well..." The woman paused. "They are working to get him stable. I would try to get to the hospital as soon as possible. He was involved in a fatal car accident."

Dream felt lightheaded.

“He’s not dead right? Please tell me he’s not dead.” His words were rushed and frantic, as he felt his heart rate pick up and his body felt hot and cold all at once.

“George is alive, and our doctors are doing the best they can. Do you need an address to our location?”

Dream was about to numbly decline before he remembered that he didn’t actually know where he was going.

“Yes please.”

The woman proceeded to give him their address, before asking Dream a few more questions as to where he is currently, to give him instructions on what he needed to do, and where he needed to go. The whole time Dream tried to listen as intently as possible, but his nerves ran rampant as fear crawled up his back. Eventually, the woman hung up, and Dream was left standing frozen, in the middle of an airport pickup- his best friend hospitalized.

He felt sick.

George could be dead- he might be dead. And he wasn’t there to help him.

Wasn’t the whole reason why you came to London because he was in danger and you needed to protect him?

Dream's hands shook, as he gripped the blank phone in his hand tightly. The stress, fear, and loss of what to do was too much, he felt a pained rage bubble inside of him- his throat tightening and burning as he felt the need to do *something*.

“FUCK!”

He yelled loudly amongst the crowd, gripping his hair with his free hand. His breath felt heavy as he hyperventilated. He needed to get a grip. He looked along the faces of the crowd. Most people paid no mind to him, only a few spared him a weird glance at his sudden outburst.

Get a grip. Get a grip. Get a grip.

Dream needed to refocus. Set his goals. What had that lady told him? Get some money, get a cab, tell them the address.

Get some money. Catch a cab. Arrive at the hospital. Get to George.

Easy right?

Dream stepped into motion, fighting himself to focus. Get some money. Catch a cab. Arrive at the hospital. Get to George. Simple. He has this.

First things first. Money. Dream reentered the airport, which was still busy as ever, before frantically looking over the signs on the wall, trying to find a booth to convert his money. Luckily enough, he does manage to find one and quickly transfers \$500 dollars worth to pounds. That would be good for a day or two right? Hopefully.

No matter though, it would definitely be enough to get Dream where he needed to go.

Next Dream made his way out to the pickup area, this time standing up by the curbside trying to flag down a cab. Eventually, after some painful failed attempts he managed to catch a cab before someone else stole it. Hopping into the backseat he turns to the driver and gives them the address of the hospital. The driver in the front seat simply nods, pulling out into the busy London streets.

Dream sat up straight in the backseat, hands nervously clutched together to prevent shaking while he looked out the window. He refused to sit back and relax, deeming himself unworthy of the luxury. George was hospitalized and it was all his fault. He should have gotten here sooner; he should have protected him. He should have seen the signs earlier. The moment George mentioned something was wrong Dream should have bought a ticket and headed to London.

Not to mention. George got hurt on his car ride over to pick Dream up from the airport.

It was a matter of wrong place, wrong time, and Dream was the cause of it. Or at least, that's what he thought. If he had just booked the ticket earlier, or even a little later- George wouldn't be in the position he is currently. Maybe if Dream had been a little less eager? At the very least Dream could have just bought his own fucking cab to Georges's place... He could have helped prevent the...

accident.

Wait.

...Was it even an accident?

“D-Dream. They want to kill me because I talk to y-you.”

What if...

Dreams thought process was immediately interrupted when the cab rolled to a stop in front of the hospital. Dream flipped his attention to the front to pay and tip the driver before literally throwing himself and his luggage out of the car, quickly grabbing his things, and heading into the brick building.

He stumbled inside, nerves gripping his conscious as he fumbled to get his bag over his shoulders fully. He ran up to the front desk and quickly started speaking to the lady in front of him.

“Hey, I’m- I am here to see George Davidson? Do you know where I need to go to see him?”

The lady looks up at him. “Name?”

“Clay. Clay Thomson.”

The lady types some stuff on his computer, scanning the page before her before looking back at Dream, she frowns.

“I’m sorry. You aren’t a close relative so I am unable to permit you into the back without verbal confirmation from a family member or the patient himself.”

Dreams throat caught, nerves once more tightening against his shoulders.

No. No No *No No No*.

“Wait- Please. I am a really close friend of his- I- I- He doesn’t have anyone else besides me.”

The woman raised an eyebrow at him. Obviously, simply being ‘friends’ wasn’t enough.

Dream sighed, he can’t believe he’s about to do this.

“Listen I am his boyfriend. We have been dating for like- 2 years now. You have to believe me, nobody else is coming. I was one of his emergency contacts too. You guys *called* me to be here.”

His voice wavered through his sentence, the stress finally catching up with him. The woman's mouth twitched at his sincerity, obviously buying his white lie. Her eyebrows furrowed down at her computer.

“Spouses are allowed back...” She clicked her mouse a couple of times. “He is in room 36B. But we are going to have a nurse come upfront and retrieve you to make sure you don’t get lost. Please take a seat in the waiting room behind you.”

Dream lets out a deep sigh of relief as he runs a free hand through his blonde hair. “Thank you so much-” He breathes before turning on his heel to sit down in the closest open chair. He leans his head up against the wall directly behind him. Now officially developing a migraine from all the negative emotions that had been flowing through him for a solid hour at least.

He was so exhausted and so wired all at once. The stress had him overwhelmed and tired, making him want to collapse on the floor, but the fear that drove through his spine, reminding him of the peril that George was in- kept him wide awake, in fear that something else could happen, and he once more wouldn’t be there to protect him.

He cares about George. And it pains him that he doesn’t even know if he is okay or not.

Dream found himself waiting in the waiting room for a long time. He found himself nervously fiddling with his shaky hands, pulling at the fabric of the seat or glancing around the room. A normal person probably would have gone on their phone and done something stupid like scroll through Twitter. But Dream didn’t do that. Maybe it was because of the nerves, or maybe it was because he was worried seeing George all over social media would finally tip him over the edge-

but either way, he found sitting doing nothing was much more comfortable than finding a way to distract himself.

“Clay?”

Dream jumped, whipping his head around to face the woman in a mint green jumper at the doorway. He stood and the woman smiled. “Follow me.”

She nodded at him in her direction and he quickly jogged over, dragging his luggage. The moment he was in the woman’s earshot he started asking questions.

“Is George alright? How bad is he? He’s not- you know, dead- right? Please tell me he is alright-”

The woman turned to face him a little bit, still wearing the same smile (luckily it seemed genuine). “He’s stable. He might not wake up for a couple of hours and he is pretty banged up. But he will make an eventual recovery. So don’t worry, your boyfriend is alright.”

Dream’s heart soared at the news, hearing that George was alright was like music to his ears. Hours of pure panic finally paid off- yeah, he still felt guilty that George was hurt- but at least he was *alive*.

The woman in green stopped at a door and turned to face Dream, losing the smile a little bit. “Now, when we go in, don’t be alarmed, he looks pretty bad between the bandages and the more visible wounds, but I assure you it isn’t as bad as it appears.”

Dream nods eagerly- he’s finally going to see George, and he’s *okay*.

“Yeah for sure I understand. I’ll be fine.” Dream states. The nurse nods and pushes the door open ushering Dream inside.

And as much as Dream expected it, he wasn’t ready for the horrors that awaited him.

George looked *bad*. Sticking out like a sore thumb in such a big, plain room, and yet he looked so, so small. He was covered in white bandages that seemed to hide the worst of the injuries on his

battered and bruised body. But either way, it looked like George decided to get himself into a fight and took one too many punches. The brunette was connected to all sorts of monitors- but the only one Dream could properly recognize was the one that measured his heartbeat, the rest being left a mystery. His dark hair was under the bandage that covered his head- while parts of it stuck out. Speaking of which, it looked like someone tried to mummify him. The biggest bandages covered his head, chest, and shoulder. So it was easy to conclude that those were the worst of George's injuries assuming nothing happened to his legs- which were hidden under a thin sheet. The parts of his body that weren't covered by the bigger band-aids were littered with minor cuts and bruises, that were either discolored or scabbing. And that didn't even mention his breathing, which was coming in regular, shallow breaths. The blonde took a shaky breath.

Dream always knew that one day he would get to meet George in person- but *never* like this.

He was overwhelmed- relieved- horrified- remorseful. How the fuck could he have let this happen to his best friend. He was riddled with guilt, as he looked over George's injured form. And not only that, but he was so enamored by the sight before him he completely missed the other person in the room.

"Clay, Right?" A baritone voice hummed.

Dream blinked, looking at the man in deep blue scrubs to the side of George's bed.

"Y-yeah. That's me."

The man smiled, and crossed the room to meet Dream halfway, he held out his hand.

"Doctor Johnson. I will be taking care of George during his time here."

"Nice to meet you.." Dream murmurs.

"Here, why don't you have a seat, you look a little pale." The doctor gestures towards a duo of chairs on either side of the mini table.

Dream hummed mildly as he numbly sat down in one of the two open chairs, the Doctor sitting down in the opposing option. Once they sat, Doctor Johnson set down his clipboard in his lap and turned to face Dream.

“So, for starters how are you doing? Do you need anything?”

Dream blinked for a moment, he didn't expect the Doctor to ask how *he* was doing.

“Uh, I'm alright.. Just- overwhelmed I guess.” He laughed nervously.

Doctor Johnson nodded. “Completely understandable, I can't imagine what you are going through.” He adjusts his clipboard on his lap. “Do you want me to talk to you a little bit about his condition?”

Dream glanced over at George, unconscious and injured- feeling another pang of guilt in his heart.

“Yes please.”

“Well, to simply list it out the main injuries of concern are he has three fractured ribs on his right and a bruised rib on his left. Along with that, his right shoulder was dislocated and he has the possibility for anywhere from a moderate to a severe concussion.”

Dream gaped at him. That was quite the list- three broken ribs? AND a dislocated shoulder?

“Will he be able to recover?” Dream asked quickly. Doctor Johnson nodded.

“At least to the best of my speculation he should be in for a smooth recovery. The only thing I am worried about is his concussion because we can't tell the severity of it whilst he is asleep.”

Dream ponders Doctor Johnson's statement. “Well, it can't be that bad can it?”

“Most likely not, but, there is a chance that if his concussion is severe enough he could suffer from anywhere from mild to severe amnesia.”

Dream's blood ran cold. “What does that mean?”

“It means that there is a possibility that George could have pieces of his memory missing. It's only about a 30% chance of this occurring, but he could either have forgotten minor things like mundane events of the past week- or he could have forgotten something severe like an event of a member of his past.”

Dream ran a hand through his hair in an attempt to calm his nerves.

“So.. you’re telling me there's a chance that he could have forgotten about me..?”

“The chances are low but it is still possible.”

Dream sucked in a breath, turning back to George- there is no way that he could forget him, right? They were best friends- he cared about George *so much*. There's no way that one of the most important people of his life- could have forgotten him.

Right?

For a long while, Doctor Johnson sat with Dream in silence. There really was nothing else to say. The news was possibly shattering, but they're within it, there is still a glimmer of hope. Eventually, after what could have been anywhere between a few minutes all the way up to an hour. Doctor Johnson moved to stand. Tucking his clipboard under his armpit.

“Well, you are welcome to stay here with George for as long as you would like. There is coffee down the hall and a dining hall down on the second floor. If you need anything, you can press the red button on the side of Georges's bed. Please come get me if he wakes up, and a nurse will be in every occasionally for routine check-ins.”

Dream nodded, preparing to bid Doctor Johnson his farewell before a memory stopped him.

“Wait-”

The Doctor raised an eyebrow at him.

“How- how did you guys know I was an emergency contact?”

“Oh. George had a card in his wallet that had a list of contacts, it included you and his parents.”

Dream paused, considering his words. “Did his parents respond...?”

“Both instances we had no response. We left a message but we have heard nothing as of yet.”

Dream nodded slowly, a frown deepening on his face. Of course they didn’t answer.

“Alright... Thank you- for everything.”

“It is no problem, use the button if you need anything.”

Doctor Johnson turned on his heel and left the room leaving Dream alone with George's sleeping form. Dream looks over at him from the spot in his chair forlornly. George wasn’t okay... and that was clear to Dream now. It *hurt* to see him like this. But at least that he was *alive*.

A sad smile started to peak onto Dream's face, it was so fucking *stupid*. But somehow- despite everything- George managed to look peaceful while he slept. The injuries failed to damage his naturally beautiful complexion.

At least, in Dreams eyes.

Dream took his chair and pulled it up to be right next to George, feeling the need to be closer to his best friend.

He looked over George’s injuries once more- this time coming to terms with it a little bit better. Concussion, dislocated shoulder, broken ribs- But alive. George was *alive* . He was here and living. Yes, he wasn’t *okay* but he was going to be. And this time, Dream was going to be here to protect him.

I am going to protect him. Whatever it takes.

And when he thought that, he meant it. He wasn't going to let anything like this happen again. Not if he could help it. If anyone wanted to lay a hand on George- they were going to have to get through him first.

But, the more that the confidence of his internal vow to protect George came to light, doubt crept out from the darkness within his mind. What if he couldn't protect him? What if he doesn't turn out okay? What if he forgot him? What if he never wakes up-

Panic started to buzz at the nape of dreams neck as he considered, George just drifting away in his sleep. It was an irrational fear, yes, but after everything he had been through- could you really blame him? Dream glanced down at George's hand laying beside him. He just had to check- Dream reaches out, lightly touching the palm of Georges's hand. It was warm, signifying that he was in fact alive. He lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding. His original plan was to pull away after the initial contact- but, he couldn't bring himself too. Instead, he reveled at the contact that ensured that his friend was alright, and interlaced his fingers with George's free ones.

He will be okay.

You almost lost him.

Dream sighs "George... I am so sorry... I told you that everything was going to be okay.. And- I don't know- I guess it will be. But I can't help but feel that this is all my fault." He laughs brokenly, feeling heat gather in his face as his migraine continues to dully pound against his skull. "I... I won't fail you again. From this point forward- you are going to be fine. I promise."

Dream squeezed his eyes shut, coming off of a day of pure adrenaline and fear- his emotional wall began to crumble. Suddenly, he couldn't find his composure as he felt tears begin to form. Everything hurt, he was tired, and his best friend had almost died. The first sob came as he used his free hand to muffle the sound. And the next thing he knew, he found himself resting his head on the bed in front of him- buried in his left elbow, as he finally let out all the stress and worry that had accumulated over the past 24 hours.

George could have died

He almost did die.

Chapter End Notes

tw//

- mention of car crash
- mention of injury
- mild and severe panic
- mention of possible death

Soo??? How was it? Do I need to hide in a corner of the pain I have caused?

As always, thank you guys so so much for the support- I am super shocked my story has gotten the traction it has- and I love each and every comment I receive (I always try to respond). Next chapter should be quicker cause it is not nearly as long. But thank you guys so so much...

AND I HAVE A DISCORD NOW!! FEEL FREE TO JOIN! ITS FREE- AND WE VIBE :) (also, you will get like updates on how the new chapter is coming along...)

Discord: <https://discord.gg/ZCAfQAcR9B>

(Also you can add me personally at TheLittleStar_tm#3957)

Guys- I'm fine.

Chapter Notes

Did I say the 25th? What? no I didn't. I definitely said the 26th. No doubt about it :)))

But HEY! I am back! And I am super excited to be back- I am hoping to be more consistent for the rest of this fic... There's suspected to be 8 more chapters...? Including this one? Probably anyway. I guess you will find out haha ;)

But YO! Chapter! Sorry it's like... kinda short- The next 1 or 2 should be about the same.. But it should get longer from there. This one is also kinda uneventful- and I am sorry. But. Think of it as like an intro to get back into the swing of things? There's more to come-

But anyway- Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat up on the grey couch in the middle of his living room, he looked at the clock- 4:15. Shit. He had somewhere to be.

He reached for the remote and pressed the middle button to turn off the TV, then he ran to the bathroom- straightening out his hair. He felt nervous, but he didn't know why. No matter. He needed to go.

Arriving at the doorway of his house, he slips on a thin blue jacket and swigs the door open- allowing the cold air to brush against his pale face.

Walking down the sidewalk things were normal. Normal. Normal. Normal. Everyone George passed by smiled and waved, how kind, he thought. On occasion, they would tell him to have a good day.

As George walked up to the curb he flagged down a taxi on the road, immediately hopping in the backseat.

Rattling off the name of the airport George looked up at the driver mid sentence...

He wore a hat, black coat, dark sunglasses, and gloves to cover his hand. What an idiot- he looks

like he is ready for a rainy winter day; when in reality- it was a luke warm day with a light breeze and-

Wait-

George's whole body tensed as a shockwave of fear flowed through him to grip at his heart.

The stranger.

The words that he was speaking died in his throat.

He's in the strangers car.

The stranger puts the car in drive and pulls away from the curb.

He's done for.

The stranger taps idly on the wheel, going the speed limit within the crowd.

*He hasn't moved- he needs to **DO** something before it is too late-*

Danger. Danger. Danger.

The stranger slowly pulls up to a red light.

George tries to tug at his seatbelt- but it doesn't budge- he's stuck!

Before he knew it, the light turned green, and they started moving again. He looks to his right- and that's when he sees it. The car rapidly approaching through the intersection-

George inhaled sharply, jolting as he woke up- which was quickly followed by a wince as he bumped his ribs. He blinked through the darkness, trying to catch a glimpse of his surroundings. His eyes land on Dream, who was sleeping on a sleeper sofa in the corner of the room. George sighed, using his blanket to wipe off some of the sweat from his body. He's fine. He's safe. George then glanced over at the clock, 4:15 AM. He should probably go back to sleep...

The past couple days had been much of the same.

Sleep, eat some food, take some pain meds, talk to Dream, sleep some more, talk to a nurse, talk to the doctor, ask when he gets to leave, get told off by Dream, sleep again.

George would like to say that he was enjoying himself with this *invigorating* routine, but regretfully (and unsurprisingly) he wasn't. He had never liked hospitals to begin with, or doctors for the matter. It just always rubbed him the wrong way. And this most recent trip was not really helping the negative association George had grown to adhere by at the mention of hospitals. Hospitals were just all around bad news. You went there when something bad had happened.

At least Dream had made it bearable.

Speaking of the blonde, Dream had practically been glued to that chair since the day George woke up in the hospital. Every single time George woke up; he would be there. The only times he would leave would be when a nurse or Doctor Johnson was there with him.

The concept of Dream being here was still quite jarring for George- for as long as George could remember, Dream had always been his online friend from America. Someone that he would talk to over the phone, would laugh with through a computer screen, the idea of actually seeing Dream in person; *knowing what he **looked like*** - almost felt like a fantasy. But now things were different; Dream was here- no more than 10 feet away from him. Scrolling through reddit on his phone.

He still didn't know how to feel about it entirely, of course he felt elated to see his best friend- in person. As ironic as the statement is, it was always a dream of his to see him in person. But... George couldn't help but feel a little ashamed. Dream came to the UK because George was unable to handle the situation. Because he practically begged him too. This didn't necessarily mean that Dream actually wanted to be there. He was stuck in a hospital chair for the better half of the day, with only his phone to distract him for god's sake. It wouldn't be surprising at all if the only reason why Dream has kept his mouth shut about the inconvenience is because he's a nice person...

Huh. It made sense the more he thought about it. Dream was a nice person (obviously) no way was he going to complain to his bedridden friend- he probably kept it to himself out of courtesy. George cringed internally. All of this was his fault, no doubt, he's been so worried about burdening his friend, but yet he still managed to make it worse for them. Someone should give him a gold star or something, because he's really managed to fuck this one u-

"George?"

George blinks, flitting his attention away from the spiral in his head, and focusing his chocolate brown eyes on the blonde beside him.

"Hmm?"

"Are you okay?"

"Uh-" *kinda?* "Yeah- Why wouldn't I be?"

"Well- you were staring at the wall in front of you for what seemed like forever- and I was just curious as to what's so special about it. Because If I recall correctly you have the attention span of a goldfish so I-"

George sputtered, smile spreading across his face; "W-what?! I don't have the attention span of a goldfish- what is wrong with you!"

"You're right maybe the attention span of a squirrel would be more fitting..."

“What- No- Dream- no way. I have a way longer attention span than that.”

“Mhmm.. keep telling yourself that Georgie.” Dream stated, leaning back in his chair.

“My attention span is at least longer than the attention span of- uhh... an owl- or something.”

“Pft- what. No way. George- do you know the amount of times you have like- zoned out on call and we had to literally say your name to get your attention?”

George hesitated, smile faltering- *he did that a lot, didn't he?* “Uh- Well- that's just because you guys aren't good enough for my attention. I have better things to attend too.”

Dream hesitated as well, taking in Georges actions before his face morphs into one of feigned 'sadness'

“Aw Georgie you don't mean that.. You love me.”

“No I don't- screw off.”

“You don't want me to leave,” Dream jokes playfully.

You're right. I don't.

“I am awaiting the day I can get out of this wretched hospital so I never have to see your ugly face again.”

Dream rolled his eyes at that, before backing down- looking back at his phone and typing out a message in silence before speaking up again.

“I've been talking to Sapnap. He's... very worried about you so he wants to call us sometime. Do you think you would be up for it?”

George hesitated for a moment- shit, when was the last time he talked to Sapnap? He couldn't remember-

"Yeah- of course; when would we call him?"

"Well, really it can be whenever you feel like it, but I was thinking we could this evening or sometime tomorrow-"

"Why don't we call him right now?"

"You sure you're up for that?"

"Yeah... why wouldn't I be?"

"I- I dunno just wasn't sure how ready you were to talk to people. I guess-"

George grimaced slightly- he felt bad for not talking to Sapnap. Maybe that was the reasoning behind him being willing to jump the gun to talk to him. But- even though Dream never said it outloud, it was very easy to infer that the reason why Dream was disgruntled by Georges openness was the fact that he and George haven't really *talked*. About anything- at least- nothing of importance. They've talked about countless of stupid things. About who's their favorite nurse, their opinions on the food, hell- even some random ass conspiracy about how Dr. Johnson might truly be gay (they are convinced, the story of him having a wife and 3 kids is complete baloney). But- they haven't talked about what happened, about how George was doing. Whenever Dream would try to push the subject, The brunette would shut him down. Answering with 'I'm fine' or some other measly excuse. And Dream, not wanting to push a subject George was obviously uncomfortable with, would just drop it.

Maybe he should talk about it- but then again, there wasn't much to talk about- he was fine. At least, that's what he told himself.

"No I should be okay- and besides, Sapnap is probably jealous. So we probably should provide him the satisfaction of *at least* a measly phone call."

Dream chuckled at George's joking inflection. And then the next thing he knew Dream was sitting on the bed beside him- shoulders touching- as he held out his phone to capture the both of them as

a Video Call call rang to Sappnap's contact.

“Hey at least I don’t have to live off of hospital food unlike you guys. I get a gourmet serving of Door-Dashed Chick-fil-a nuggets.”

George rolled his eyes at Sappnap's comment. “The food here isn’t that *bad*- ” as he made that statement, the blonde next to him shot him an incredulous look. Okay, maybe the hospital food was pretty bad. But he wasn’t going to admit that to Sappnap while he was trying to one up them.

“Yeah okay, you keep telling yourself that.” Sappnap chuckled, probably noticing Dreams' very contradictory reaction. George used his free arm to brush some stray hairs out of his face, tucking it under his bandage. He almost forgot he had bandages on- if it wasn’t for the not so subtle reminder from Sappnap when they initially got on call.

“Dude it looks like you were hit by a fucking train- are you alright? You have bandages all over you.”

George of course immediately brushed it off, and shifted the conversation to Sappnap and how he was a loser to still be in America. Granted, Sappnap had finals so it wasn’t his fault, but George couldn’t help but deep down feel a little sad his friend wasn’t there.

But, alas, the subject was quickly shifted from that, to a debate on whether America or the UK was better, and now it has become Sappnap's mission to one up them in any way possible.

So basically a typical tuesday for the Dream Team.

“Hey George-“ Sappnap stated, seeming to break George out of his thoughts for what felt like the umpteenth time. Hm. He keeps on doing that-

“Hmm?”

“Do you mind if I ask like- what happened..?”

“With what?” He states, brow furrowing.

“Uh: you know.. the crash. Do you remember any of it?”

George inhaled sharply at the question. The action was completely unintentional; but he *really* didn't want to be thinking about that. He didn't want to remember the screaming- the ringing in his ears- *the thick taste of metal in his throat-*

“I-I don't really remember honestly-“ he stutters, trying to shake off the question. He couldn't help but feel Dreams' worried stare burn into the side of his head.

“Wait you don't remember it?” Sapnap pressed.

“The Doctor said that he has slight amnesia pertaining to the event. Something about having a concussion.” Dream cut in, providing Sapnap with an explanation so George didn't have too.

“Oh- okay. Will you be alright?”

George nodded, “I will be fine.”

Silence fell between them briefly. None of them knew what exactly to say.

“Well... I have to go to class soon... so I probably should head out-” Sapnap starts.

“Oh yeah- well; thank you for hanging out with us Sappy Nappy.” George stated, adding on the fun nickname to try and brighten the mood a little bit, Dream nods.

“Bye Sapnap.”

“Bye guys!” The Texan stated before the call suddenly went blank. Dream pulled back his phone, putting it in his pocket. They sat in silence for a moment, before Dream’s emerald eyes looked over at him.

“You sure you're alright?”

George squirmed slightly under his gaze. Is he alright? He has to be- because otherwise he wouldn’t know what to do with himself.

“Yeah- I’m all good...” He states with some hesitancy.

Dream stared at him for a moment before sighing, giving into Georges unwavering facade.

“Alright... whatever you say Georgie. But- if you need to talk about it I am literally right here.”

George looked over at the blonde after hearing those words; he looked exhausted- (*which he partially blamed himself for*) but it was very... comforting. To hear Dream say that he was *actually there* for him. Because it honestly was still hard to believe.

If George couldn’t be fine for himself- he was going to be fine for Dream.

“Thank you Dream.”

Chapter End Notes

Well- I hope you enjoyed?? Hopefully it wasn’t shit?? I think I finally am coming out of writers block. So hyped about that. Next chapter shouldddd be a week? 2 max. If you haven’t yet you should join my discord to get info about updates- sooo :))

Also imma make sure to respond to all your comments. Cause i luv you guys, and you guys are sweet and I have had a rough day <3

Stop blaming yourself you dumbass

Chapter Notes

HAHAHAH I AM BACK- *plays derivakat revived song* B)

WELCOMEEEE- Its good to be back :P again- so sorry it took so long, I am a fucking dumbass. I am not making promises anymore, because apparently I can't keep them. I have had a rough summer between classes and mental illness tbh. Now I am on medication though, and moving into college in a day so thats POGGERS!!! :D I am super hyped. I do wanna finish this semi soon- we are in the home stretch!! and part of my reasoning why is because I have a new fic that I am super hyped about thats in planning... its an SBI superhero fic so we will see how that goes...

ALAS- Here is the new chapter- its kind of trash and it went off the rails a bit, but ya know its *some* forum of content, and it helps me get the ball rolling for future chapters, I apologize in advance.

TW//Panic Attacks, Mentions of Car Crash

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Look up for me please.”

George forces his gaze upwards as the doctor holds his chin with rubber gloves, a warm light shining in his left eye, before shifting to his right.

The light cuts out and Doctor Johnson releases his hold, allowing George to pull back and blink for a moment to adjust. The Doctor starts talking while putting away his Ophthalmoscope, addressing George from across the room.

“Your condition is improving. I would say your concussion is mild at best. It's something we will have to continue to watch, and I still would recommend staying away from screens and all that, but it should be a smooth recovery.”

The doctor moves back to George's side, reaching his hands out to George's bad arm.

“Can I see your arm?”

George lifts his arm slightly in compliance, allowing the Doctor to take it, and with that he starts to softly guide George in moving his arm around to mobilize the joint.

“When sitting up as of late have you been experiencing any sort of nausea, pressure to the head, or blurred vision?”

George shook his head.

“Okay, what about dizziness, grogginess, confusion, trouble with concentration or-”

As the doctor lifts George's arm outwards a bit, the Brit hisses in pain as his shoulder flares up.

“Be careful-” Dream mutters in the background.

Doctor Johnson somewhat turns his attention to Dream who was standing with his arms folded in the corner of the room, in an attempt to stay out of the way. The doctor's expression shifts slightly as his brow furrows apologetically, lowering George's arm as he speaks up again.

“My apologies- but, have you had any of the symptoms listed?”

George hesitates, “Maybe a little dizziness on occasion?”

“And what about your memory?”

“What do you mean?”

“Have you been able to recall any memories from the accident?”

George grips the sheets of his bed tighter. The problem with that question is he *has* been able to recall bits and pieces of what happened. Or at least, he thinks he has, between the night terrors and the sudden flashbacks while holding a simple conversation. It's become hard to forget, and honestly? He wishes he was able to. He wasn't too fond of remembering the sounds of tearing metal, the smell of burning rubber, the blinding white pain in his side as it became harder and

harder to breathe-

The doctor taps George's arm lightly, pulling him out of his spiral. "You don't have to talk about it. I just need to know from a concussion standpoint if some of those memories have begun to return. I am not a therapist but I could give you a recommendation to one if you would like. In fact, knowing that you went through such a traumatic event I would advise in doing so since it's good to--"

"No I'm okay-" George stuttered out, cutting off Doctor Johnson's rant. "I-Im okay. But uh, yes. I recall some of the events." The Brit's gaze shifted down as he meekly finished his statement.

"I see." Doctor Johnson said, writing down something in his notes before huffing out a sigh. "Well, your condition is improving daily, which is a very good sign. We will continue to monitor things but I'm more than pleased with your recovery."

"So does that mean I get to go home soon?" George asks, perking up. The Doctor chuckles.

"Soon enough you will, Mr. Davidson. We want to ensure that there are no complications with your injuries before we throw you to the wolves."

The Brit groans in frustration. God, what he would give to just get out of this wretched hospital. Doctor Johnson turns to the blonde in the corner of the room.

"Make sure he doesn't try anything stupid."

"Don't worry. I'll keep him out of trouble." Dream laughs as George sputters, a smile forming on the doctor's face as George begins to protest in disbelief.

"W-What?! I am not the one who needs to be babysat here. Dream's the irresponsible one. I should be making sure HE doesn't do something stupid."

"Aw Georgie, do I need to babysit you?" Dream coos.

"No. No you do not. Fuck off- dickhead." His chocolate brown eyes flit to the man in scrubs. "This

is your fault.” George growls while pointing an accusatory finger at the doctor, who in turn rolls his eyes while holding open the door, before muttering a simple “See you later, you two,” then promptly leaving the room.

Dream snickers while pushing himself off the wall making his way over to George's bed, a grin spread wide across his smug face.

“Sooo~ What do you wanna do Georgie?”

“Fuck off don’t call me that.” The Brit hisses in reply.

“Oh come on. I know you're bored.”

“No, in fact I’m perfectly entertained.”

“George,”

“No”

“*George-*“

“*No.*”

Dream pouts as George rolls his eyes looking away. God, Dream can be a menace sometimes. Even though internally his antics still managed to warm his heart.

Suddenly though, Dream gasps, emerald eyes lighting up as he looks at George with a wide grin.

“I have an idea.”

“Oh god.”

The American jumps up, and trots over to his suitcase that he brought from the airport. He digs through it before pulling out something then hiding it cupped between his big ass hands. He then hurries back to George's bedside before addressing the man.

"You ready for a surprise?"

"Do I really have a choice?"

Dream giggles a bit, before shaking his head in response, then- very dramatically- he reveals the items in his hands.

"Ta da!" The American exclaims, leaving the Brit a little confused.

"A... deck of cards?"

"Yeah! I forgot I packed them till now."

George rolls his eyes, "And I'm the one who needs to be babysat."

"Come on George- it will be fun. And besides, there's not really much else we can do."

The Brit pretends to ponder his options (as if he really had that many choices to choose from) before deciding to conform to Dreams' antics. It's not like they had much else to do, and it's definitely better than sitting in silence, allowing his mind to wander to depths he'd rather not explore.

"Fine. One game."

It turns out that despite George's initial apprehension, cards were turning out to be really fun. Although, there weren't a lot of games to their knowledge that they could play effectively with 2 people. They deemed games like spoons, slaps, and poker impossible due to either not having the proper equipment, or the game just being too intense for George. And other games like BS, Spades, and Gin Rummy just didn't work with two people. So, they found themselves (with the brilliant suggestion from Dream) playing...

"Go fish!"

With a sigh, George reaches out to the pile in front of him and pulls out a card. It was the four of hearts. He checks his hand to see if he has any matches, but he comes up empty. So he nestles the card into his hand just in time for Dream to ask;

"Do you have any black twos?"

"Nope, go fish Dream,"

"Jeez how do you have no cards-"

"What do you mean?! You've literally made me draw the past 5 turns!"

"That's because you aren't asking for the right stuff!"

"Well you aren't either!" George exclaims with a laugh.

As the laughter dies down a comfortable silence settles between them, smiles all around as Dream reaches forward to pick another card. The Brit watches his friend fondly as he tucks his newest card into the handful he has already obtained.

It still was a shocker that Dream is still willing to hang out with George, especially considering that George is running quite low on pity points. He wonders how long it will be before Dream runs out of patience, and the burden of being by George's side becomes too much, and Dream boards the next plane home. Hell, its thoughts like these that almost make George wonder if in the crash he actually di-

“-George?”

The brunette blinks out of his spiral “Hmm?”

Dream hesitates. “Are you uh- doing okay?”

“Yeah I’m doing fine.”

“Hm.” Dream hums, face sombering as he looks to fall into thought. Meanwhile, George tenses- was that the wrong thing to say? He really was *fine*. He didn’t see how Dream could be upset at him for being okay. Was he supposed to say he was going good? Great? Fantastic? He didn’t want to seem fake-

“George, you know you can tell me anything, right?”

George’s breath catches “Yeah- uh sure.”

“And you know that I’ll always be here for you?”

“I uh-“ *think about what he would want to hear*. “-um yeah, of course.”

Dream fiddles with the cards in his hands, as if to fight off some nerves, he hesitates. Voice cracking lightly at the start of his sentence.

“Then can we talk- please?”

Stone settles in George's stomach. He doesn’t want to talk. Not about this. Not about what he

thinks Dream is going to want to talk about.

The dull question automatically leaves his mouth.

“Talk about what?”

“I don’t know- you?” Dream’s voice waivers as he takes a breath, the next set of words stumbling out like a waterfall. “I feel ever since I have gotten here we haven’t said anything to one another, it’s all been fake sentiments where we insist that it’s okay, when in reality it’s far from it. We haven’t talked about what happened- you- you were in a car crash- you almost *died*. And you continue to insist that you are fine when you are clearly not-”

George’s breath catches. He can’t deal with this. He can’t think about this. It hurts- His voice barely breaks above a whisper, but it doesn’t seem like Dream hears him.

“Dream.”

“-And I just, I don’t know- I am not sure what to do because I want to be able to help, but I don’t how to if you don’t talk to me-”

“*Dream.*”

“-Plus that’s not even beginning to talk about the whole reason why I came in the first place- someone threatened to kill you. And- and- that’s not okay- because like-”

“*Dream please-*”

Dream’s voice cuts short as George’s strained voice stalls the room into silence. George lets out a shaky breath. His hands are shaking- when did they start shaking? His limbs felt weightless and like led all in one as his chest feels like it has a thousand bowling balls resting on top of it. He can’t think and he’s thinking too much all in one- mind reeling as he tries to stay mindful in the present, whilst his brain continues to pull him back to flashes of tearing metal and letters of blood neatly drawn amongst clean paper.

“George I’m-”

“Stop-”

George can’t tell what Dream is doing, but whatever it is- he backs off, falling silent once more with the rest of the room. George feels a tinge of guilt in his gut, but its really hard to feel that bad when he barely can control his fucking head. He attempts to grip at the sheets of his bed. To ground himself- to stop the shaking, but the attempt turns out to be rather futile. His vision comes up short- His head hurts- He barely registers the voice speaking beside him.

“George you need to breathe-”

The next thing George knew, his palm was placed against soft fabric, contrasting the rough linen of the hospital bed. The fabric rises and falls in a rhythmic pattern. Rise-two-three-four. Fall-two-three-four. Again. Rise-two-three-four. Fall-two-three-four. Rinse. Repeat.

George found himself falling into the pattern subconsciously, his breath shaky but slowing (since when did he start hyperventilating?). It was hard to get his mind to focus at first, but after a few minutes the small details started to become more defined. The smell of the sterile room, the buzz of the heater, the feeling of Dream holding his hand against his chest.

“You with me?” Dream says softly, as if George was made of glass.

“Yeah-” George sighs shakily, pulling his hand away from Dream softly whilst closing his eyes to breathe. George then turns his gaze to Dream who had moved to sit on the edge of his mattress at some point. When meeting the blonde’s gaze he wilted, turning his eyes to the floor.

“I... That happened because of me didn’t it..?”

George faltered, technically? Yes- his spiral was very much fostered by Dreams pressing, and George was aware of that subconsciously, but how was he supposed to say that? Especially when it was his own damn fault for being sensitive in the first place.

“..well- not necessarily-”

Dream expression crumpled, as he ran a hand through his hair, seeming to tug lightly as he seemed to curse himself out mentally.

“God- George, I am so *sorry*-” Dream practically whimpered.

“It’s fine Dream-”

“No it's not!” Dream swiftly interrupted, he opens his mouth again to speak, but hesitates faltering as he looks up to George forlornly. The Brit sits in confusion for a moment until it clicks- *Dream is afraid to speak*- he- why- is he worried about setting him off or something? ***Great. Look what you did.***

“It’s... it's okay you can continue.” George mumbles, settling in to the reality of the situation.

Dream sighs.

“Ever since I have gotten here I have literally done nothing but hurt you- between the car crash to literally pushing you to have a panic attack, I just, I didn’t mean too- I'm sorry.”

“Wait-” Georges brow furrows. There's a lot to unpack in that, Dream shouldn’t have to apologize for *anything*- ***maybe*** about the panic attack thing; but mentioning the car crash didn’t make *any* sense. “Why are you sorry about the car crash..?”

Dream fiddles with the sleeves of his sweatshirt slightly, refusing to sit still- *he's anxious*- Georges mind supplies.

“... You can't tell me that the car crash was not at least partially my fault- if I didn’t make you to meet me at the airport you would have never boarded that taxi- hell if I hadn-”

“Dream you can’t be serious-”

“But I am- I *hurt you* George- and I just did it again, I forced you into a full blown panic attack! I thought you stopped breathing!”

George clenched his jaw, that was not Dream's fault. But Dream is too much of a dumbass to see that. Maybe if he actually spouted some reason Dream would begin to understand.

“You can’t blame yourself for things out of your control. ***Especially*** things like me being unable to handle my own stupid emotions.” George grits out.

“George, having a panic attack after a traumatic experience isn’t your fault-”

“But me riding a cab is *your* fault?! If anything- that should be MY fault. I chose which cab I boarded- hell, I even overslept. So that means that I took a much later cab than I should have taken.”

“You can’t blame yourself for something you didn’t know-”

“I know, that's what I am trying to tell ***you*** .” George bites, annoyance creeping up his spine. Dream was being a hypocrite.

An awkward silence stretches between them, before Dream finally mumbles, “I’m sorry, but I just can’t forgive myself.”

George closes his eyes to take a hefty sigh, leaning back in his pillow a bit. Frustration radiating off him.

“Stop being so hard on yourself, I don’t blame you. If anything, everything is my fault. If I hadn’t been too chicken to manage myself, none of this would have happened.”

Dream shifted beside him.

“..You really believe that?”

George hums in affirmation. “I let fear get the best of me when I first called you, hell, I let fear get to me just now.”

“George... it's okay to be afraid.”

George snorts. “Not when you burden people so they feel obligated to help you.” Georges eyes open slightly, to look over at Dream who was staring at him intently, gaze laced with concern. “I seem to have gotten pretty good at that recently haven’t I?”

Dream seems saddened by that statement, and George looks away as Dream processes the information. Hm, seems like maybe Dream was finally getting it.

“Is that really how you feel..?” Dream states meekly, breaking the silence.

George’s expression falls as he frowns, settling on the question. His heart felt heavy.

“I think I am done talking about this.”

“Oh- okay... do you uh- want to continue the game..?”

George shakes his head “I think I want to sleep.”

Dream nods, not saying another word as he stands up, picking up the cards that were spread out everywhere. George leans back in his bed taking a deep sigh. He was exhausted.

After a few minutes, George hears Dream's shuffling stop after he presumably sat down in the chair by his bedside. At least he hadn’t left him yet, he wouldn’t be surprised if it was soon however.

Yeah, he may have fucked this one up.

But at least Dream knew the truth. Well- Part of it...

haha.. okay yeah look chapter there ya go- not that great but its honest work. Hoping the next chapter will be better- but I don't honestly know. I am trying to write as much as I can before I move in today. Next chapter might be rough for me personally- but the two after that should be a breeze because uh- i am evil :) but I guess only time will tell....

Thank you guys for being so supportive- your comments are what continue to push me to get the next update out, along with the support from my discord. I am so grateful for every single one of you guys. I wanna finish this, for you guys, and I apologize for it taking so long- if you are still sticking through it with me you are definitely a real one <3 tysm..

When Will They Leave Me Alone?

Chapter Summary

George is a delusional little prick that is not having a fun time.

Chapter Notes

IM ALIVE!! See?? I said that I would get to it eventually... and being in christmas break it seems like the perfect time to wrap this thing up (hopefully) you may notice I have added a specific chapter number and that's because I have solidified the plan for the rest of this fic, and hopefully will have it all written and published soon. I am not going to make any direct promises- but I seriously am hoping soon. Thank you guys so much for being patient with me- it has been a wild ride, and this past year has been super hard in regards to my personal life. But anyway, enjoy the chapter!! TW's will be listed below, and I hope you had a Merry Christmas (or whatever else you celebrate <3) and have a happy New Year!

TW// hallucinations (?), panic attacks, arguments, unreliable narrator, imposter syndrome, hospitals, mentions of stalkers and descriptions of injuries (Basically, everything that has been happening in previous chapters will be continued to be mentioned)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of the week had been tense.

Ever since Dream and George “talked”, the subject of the matter was promptly dropped and the pair fell back into the natural order of fake assurances and empty promises, as Dream probably would call it. They pretended things were fine, and in George's mind, it was. Albeit he ignored the twisting guilt that only coiled tighter and tighter in his stomach.

Ever since the conversation, Dream had become more quiet and distant. When they joked around, Dream's smile didn't quite reach his eyes, instead becoming rather pained once it seemed that George was done watching. Of course George had seen it. Dream wasn't acting himself- spending more time in silence- lost in thought presumably. George wasn't surprised however, that's sort of what happens when you tell your “best friend” that you knew how he felt all along.

It hurt a little- to know that the gig was up. Yeah, maybe it was the right thing to do, but it still hurt to know that all those late night calls, the hours they spent together playing Minecraft, and the games of 8-ball (that he would always win, mind you) were coming to a close. There was just no

way in hell that Dream would keep contact, after everything that happened. And as much as he longed to keep pretending- *and his heart screamed that Dream really did care, about him, about everything*- it just simply wasn't realistic. What hurt more was simply the loss of a friend, even if George was the only one to feel that friendship. To lose someone that you longed to hold so close, when really they were leagues away. To lose someone that made your heart skip, not out of fear, but out of bliss. To lose someone that meant so much to you, even though you know damn well you didn't mean shit to them.

George had come to terms with it, at least.

But what fucking hurt the most, out of everything, despite everything: Dream still *insisted* on keeping the gig up- in a cruel attempt to pick up the pieces that are already far beyond broken. He wasn't sure why Dream was doing it, pity? reputation? Either way, every single time Dream would mumble out a reassurance of "*George you're not a burden.*" "*It's okay to not be okay George,*" or GOD FORBID the "*I care about you George,*" The knife pushed a little deeper into his heart, making it harder and harder to bare.

But alas, it didn't really matter. George's *feelings* weren't earth shattering, and no matter what, the clock kept ticking and time kept moving. In fact, after another week and a half of existing like this, the doctor finally came in with some good news.

"I am officially clearing you to walk George." The Doctor stated calmly as he scribbled some notes down on his clipboard. George perked up, glancing over at Dream who was sporting the brightest expression he'd probably had in days. "I recommend that for the first couple days you only walk with the supervision of others, whether it be myself, a nurse, or Mr. Thomson over here." He stated, gesturing to Dream. "If all goes well, we should have you discharged in a couple of days."

George gaped, "Wait- really? This isn't some cruel joke, is it?."

The Doctor chuckled, shaking his head, "I know we have been cautious with your condition, but you have made vast improvements through your stay, and with your shoulder doing well and your ribs fairly healed, I don't see the reason in postponing your release any longer. You might have some lingering issues with your concussion, considering the recovery process for that is rather lengthy. I will be sure to send the two of you home with instructions on what you need to do. If you have any issues be sure to call me, but I am sure you will be fine."

Relief flooded through him at the news, a genuine smile finally gracing his features; "Thank you-" George stated genuinely, "for everything."

The Doctor nods, “No problem. That’s my job.” he glanced over at Dream, “I wish you both well upon your departure, don’t be afraid to reach out if there are any issues I could assist with.”

“Will do,” Dream affirmed from the side of the room. And with that, the Doctor departed; mentioning that a Nurse will be in to check up on them later in the afternoon to prepare for George’s release from the hospital the following day.

Cheers to that. George is beyond sick of this wretched white room, and the stupid droning buzz of the air conditioner.

Dream and George mostly sat in silence after the Doctors leave, each scrolling through their phones as a distraction. Eventually however, as time passed, George started to realize that he was growing hungry- and it probably would be a good idea to get some food. He glanced over to Dream, before speaking up.

“I’m kind of hungry.” George states simply.

Dream looked up from his phone before slowly setting it down beside him, looking at George with a muted expression. “Yeah- I guess I kinda am too.”

George looked over at the door of the room. He has permission to *walk* now. Does that give him the permission to just waltz into the cafeteria on his own? Surely right?

“I think I might walk down to the cafeteria for some food.”

“I could go with you.” Dream stated simply.

George looked over at Dream. *There he goes trying to pity me again.* “You don’t have to do that, I will be fine going by myself-“

Dream’s face turned slightly into a frown, “But what if-,” Dream paused for a moment, re-evaluating what he was going to say; “uh- The Doctor *did* say that if you are going to walk you should do so under someone else’s supervision- and besides, I’m hungry too and wouldn’t mind getting some food.”

George's brow furrowed slightly. Dream did have a point, but, that still didn't mean he *wanted* Dream to come with him. Frankly, he would prefer as little interaction with Dream as possible. ***Because then it would hurt less when he leaves him.***

But it wasn't exactly like he could just tell Dream that. And besides, Dream *did* have a point about what the Doctor said. So instead he fiddled with the edge of his sheets and nodded. "Okay, you can come if you want too."

Dream smiled a little at the response. "Okay. Would you want to go now or later?"

George thinks for a moment: better not delay the inevitable right?

"We can go now." He states, sitting up straighter as he softly pushes off the sheets that were draped over him.

Dream rose from his chair and closed the distance between them, offering a hand out to George in an attempt to help him up, but George quickly waved it off. He doesn't *need* Dream's help. He can do this by himself.

He slowly swung his legs off the side of his bed as Dream backed up reluctantly to give him some space. George then carefully pushes himself up- careful not to jostle his ribs and shoulder *too* badly. His feet touch down on the cold tile floor, ***Oh right- he wasn't wearing shoes***, and a slight shiver runs through his body at the sudden exposure with the excessively air conditioned room. Dream seemed to notice this, and he silently turned to dig through his bag pulling out a yellow (or green, who knows) hoodie. Dream returned to his side seconds later, and offered the hoodie to him.

"Take it. You're going to freeze otherwise."

George wanted to refuse- but Dream was right, this place was practically an ice box. While he still had his pants from the car crash, his shirt was taken long ago. Probably cut off when he got here in an attempt to reach his injuries faster. The only thing protecting him from the cold air was a very thin hospital gown that didn't even properly cover his back. So, he took the hoodie from Dream reluctantly, brushing his thumb against the soft fabric as he examined the material. It didn't have any graphics on it, it was a plain colored hoodie.

"Thanks- uhm." George hesitated, "Did you see any extra socks around? I'm not sure where the

nurse put them.”

Dream blinked at that for a moment before responding. “Yeah, I think she put them over here. I’ll grab a pair for you.”

Dream turned back to the table and grabbed a pair of socks off the surface. *How did I not see those? I must be blind.* Dream then walked over to his bag and dug through it, before he took out a pair of brown and yellow shoes, and walked back over to George. George scrunched up his nose.

“... Camo Crocs? Really Dream-” Dream snorts out a laugh cutting him off as he speaks.

“What! They are slides so they should be easier to put on, and besides, Crocs are cool.”

“Sure- but *camo* crocs aren't.”

“Whatever you say Georgie, but I disagree.” Dream states with a smirk on his face, George scoffs.

“Ugh, must be an American thing.”

Dream wheezed at that, and George dropped the crocs on the floor. He slipped on the socks and and carefully stepped into the rubber shoes. They’re a little big, but at least they aren’t ginormous on him. Whatever, they’ll work. George gripped the sweatshirt again, he kind of wants to take off his gown, before putting this on, because wearing both just seems stupid. However, that means he would need to take off his gown, and Dream is standing right there. Also, he doesn’t know where his pants are.

“Uh- Dream... do you mind turning around while I put this on? And could you look around for my pants? They’re here somewhere.” George asked quietly, the American quirked an eyebrow while examining the brunette before it clicked, his gaze falling onto the sweatshirt before he looked back at George's expression. “Oh, um, yeah sure-” Dream looked around the room before setting eyes on the pants. He walked over to them and handed them to George before turning to face the wall.

George pulled at the string behind his neck with his left hand before the knot untied and the gown went slack, falling off his boney shoulders. He carefully slid the fabric off of himself, revealing multicolored bruises all across his chest, ranging from a slight yellow to a deep purple. He had seen them once before- right after the car crash when they were way worse, but it still wasn’t a

pretty sight. He grimaced, and quickly grabbed the sweatshirt and tried to maneuver it onto his right arm, hissing as his shoulder started to hurt in retaliation to George raising it too far (he just got it out of the brace a couple days prior). But, after the sweatshirt was successfully on his right arm, it was much easier to maneuver it over his head and left arm, and after he had the hoodie completely on, he spoke to alert Dream.

“Okay- I'm good.”

Dream turned around, examining George's new attire before genuinely smiling.

“You look good in green.”

“Yeah, like I would be able to tell.” George stated dismissively, looking over to the door. “Why don't we go get food.”

Dream nodded in response and the next thing they know they are walking through the white tiled hallways, occasionally dodging oncoming traffic as the halls consisted of doctors, nurses, and the occasional person that probably was visiting a family member of some sorts. At first when George tried to walk it was like he was a baby deer, wobbling as his legs adjusted to working after weeks of disuse, but despite Dream's fussing he did finally get the hang of it, being able to walk just stable enough to assure he would be fine on his own.

The walk was mostly boring. Dream was trying to fill the silence by talking about some story of his family while he was a kid, and how apparently Dream had thought it was a good idea to prank Drista by putting hair dye in her shampoo. The story was rather endearing, along with the excitement in Dream's eyes as he rambled on and on, but George tried to dismiss it. He *can't* think like that. He needed to let Dream go, so he doesn't shatter when Dream inevitably leaves himself. So, instead George looked absently at the people passing by them in the hallways- the way that some walls had some paint chipping on the edges, showing that the building was due for some sort of paint job. He took note of how some nurses and doctors seemed to go about their day very casually, while others frantically ran through the halls, a telltale sign that the case they were working on probably was more severe. He hadn't been out of his room in a long time, so finally having the time to breathe some fresh air and get to see a new set of scenery was riveting (listen, the bar is pretty low). Everything was fine, and all was good. Despite his situation with Dream, things were finally looking up. Soon he would be able to go home. Soon, things should (hopefully) be returning to normal, and everything will be okay.

He was okay.

... well he was until he spotted the person sporting full black attire at the end of the hall.

No.

The hat, the sunglasses, the *gloves* . It was all there as the figure stood in all of its glory, just staring in their direction, in *his* direction.

He was ***not*** okay.

George didn't realize that he stopped walking forward until he found himself stumbling to catch himself with his forearm against the wall beside him. Chills ran down his spine as he felt his throat close, and he struggled to breathe. His vision tunneled as he looked at the figure; he couldn't look away. *They're right there- they're right there- theyarerightthere-*

His ears rang as pure panic washed over him. He tried to think, tried to *do* something. He was supposed to be safe. It was supposed to be over. He wasn't supposed to be hurt again. It was supposed to go away.

He flinched as a hand suddenly grabbed onto his shoulder, breaking him out of his panicked stare. He tried to move away from the person's grip as his mind screamed ***Danger. Danger. Danger.***

He flailed aimlessly as he tried to hit the person away- whoever it was- pain shooting through his shoulder as he jerked it way too quickly. Suddenly as George flailed at the person they caught his arms by the wrists one after another, holding him still. George tried again to ***get away*** but he was too weak- or the other person was way too strong he couldn't tell.

Infact, it was hard to register anything going on at the moment. Everything was so overwhelming, and his senses were failing him.

He couldn't see. He couldn't breathe. He was going to die.

Suddenly, a soft voice broke through the ringing in his ears. Finally providing some sort of handhold within his panicked haze.

“-shhh shhh George you’re okay. You’re safe.”

George barely registered the words. That didn’t make any sense. He isn’t okay, he's going to die.

“No, no George you’re going to be fine, okay? You’re going to be okay but I need you to breathe. Can you do that for me?”

He couldn’t. He most definitely could not. But he found himself nodding anyway.

His left wrist was then guided by the person's hold to make contact with soft fabric covering the light beating of someone's heart. The surface also rose and fell slowly, matching slow counting that was being rehearsed to him by the soft voice in front of him.

“Alright, breathe in- 1, 2, 3, 4. And out- 1, 2, 3, 4. You’re doing great. Again, in- 1, 2...”

This process went on for a while. At first it seemed like a lost cause as George just could not seem to get a grip, gasping to the point where his vision was not only blurred but also had black spots dotting in at the edges; but, with time, whether George meant to or not, his breathing started to fall into sync with the person guiding him. As he finally started to come off his panic- finally started to *breathe* again, his mind and vision cleared enough for Dream's worried expression to come into view.

He was crouched down on the floor in front of him (since when were they on the floor?) and the blonde was holding onto both of his wrists, one of them steadily being pressed into the soft black shirt Dream was wearing.

Well this is embarrassing.

Dream had stopped counting, and watched George intently as the brit blinked, loosening his grip on his wrists and instead moving to softly hold George's hands.

“Are you... are you with me now..?” Dream asked hesitantly, as if him speaking would send George into yet another panic attack.

George pulled his hands away from Dream's grip and the man reluctantly let him go.

“Yeah-” he states weakly, looking over at the spot where he did see the figure, confirming that they weren’t there anymore before taking a shuddering breath as he clasped his hands together to try and stop them from shaking, “I’m okay.”

Dream frowned at him but leaned back into his sitting position on the floor to give George a little bit of personal space, he looked off to the side, brow furrowed as if he was thinking. An uncomfortable silence fell between them, but George didn't dare move, not until Dream said what he wanted to say.

“What..” Dream hesitated, looking back at George and giving him a worried look. “.. what was that? I-” He looks down at his hands, he’s nervous, George notes. “... One second you were all fine, but then the next you’re falling into a full blown panic attack muttering out all kinds of things... and no matter what I was saying I couldn’t snap you out of it.”

George blinked as he processed what Dream just said. He was speaking during that? God- he has *no* idea what he said. Uneasiness twisted more in his stomach.

“What... what did I say..?” He asks hesitantly.

Dream shifted uncomfortably “Mainly stuff about how you were going to die.. and you were talking about how somebody was ‘there’ and was going to hurt you. A few times you pointed out that you couldn’t breathe, or see. But that was only like once or twice..”

George’s heart sank, watching Dream fiddle with a loose string on the edge of his shirt. He said all of that..? What was he supposed to say to that?

“I’m sorry..” George apologized quietly. Dream finally looked up to face him.

“You don’t have to say sorry. I was just... worried. I thought you were going to pass out if I’m being honest, because you weren’t snapping out of it and you were barely breathing.”

George grimaced.

“It’s not fair that you had to deal with that.” He stated, mentally kicking himself. What the fuck was he doing? Not only did Dream have to lend him clothes and shoes, but he had to sit through yet another panic attack that was George’s own fault.

“Hey hey- none of that.” Dream stated, seeming to have watched George fall into yet another spiral internally. “You don’t have to beat yourself up over it. It’s alright, you’re.. you’re allowed to be afraid.”

George laughed dryly. Yeah right. Him being ‘scared’ only brought more problems, not only for himself but for everyone else around him. No wonder Dream and Sapnap wanted to leave him, he’s yet again, a burden.

As George stared off to the side, Dream lightly put a comforting hand on George's knee. It was a nice gesture- normally George would relish in it, but at the moment his touch burned as his heart ached. He needed Dream *away*. What the fuck was Dream doing?! George simply couldn’t handle him being fucking nice to him because it only made him *want to be with him more*.

He needed to get away.

Abruptly, George pulled away from the touch and forced himself to stand. Black spots obscured his vision as he stumbled, having stood up too fast. Dream follows suit, and quickly tries to help steady him.

“Woah! woah! George- Be careful-“

Dream grabbed onto George's shoulders to keep him from falling, but immediately in retaliation George whipped around to face Dream, ripping himself from his grip. Having stood up for a couple seconds his vision cleared and he finally found his footing. He clenched his fists, glaring at Dream.

“Get the fuck away from me.” George sneers.

Dream threw his hands in the air as if to prove his innocence “George- I’m just trying to help-“ Dream assured, hurt lacing his tone.

“Well it’s not- *fucking*- it’s not helping!” George shouted, voice trembling as his face heated up in anger. Dream cowered away slightly.

Why won't Dream just leave him *alone*? He can't take this constant game of pretend. Can't take Dream acting so *nice* to him- with the knowledge that any day now Dream was going to realize how much of a leech he was, and was going to leave him for dead.

"Why are you even here Dream- To pity me? To save your reputation? *Huh??* " He snarled, brow furrowing as his gaze burned into Dream, the younger looking at him as if he was a lost puppy who had just been kicked. "When do the lies stop? When do you stop pretending? Because I'm getting sick of this little gig you refuse to give up. It's getting old, and you and I both know it."

Dream sputtered, voice squeaking softly as the blonde tried to find a start to his sentence, "I- Ah- Wh- George.. what are you talking about?"

" ***This!*** " He gestured to the two of them. "Us!- When are you going to admit that I'm taking *advantage* of you? That you and Sapnap would be so much better without me, because you are both confident, and *likable* , and actually able to hold yourselves together for more than *two second*- rather than ***burdening*** others with your measly problems because you are incapable of taking care of yourself!"

George's breath trembled as he clenched his fists. Dream broke out of his shock and made a slow step towards George.

"When are you going to tell me that pity will only go far, and at some point you're going to move on?" The Brit asked coldly.

Dream takes another step.

"When are you going to realize that in everything we've ever done, I've only been deadweight?"

Another step.

"When are you going to accept that I'm just not ***good enough*** for you?" George's cold tone cracking like ice as he tried to hold onto the anger he so desperately wants to feel. but the cracks only run deeper, and the few strings he's got left are breaking.

“George..” Dream murmured, as he looked at George with an unreadable expression, closing the distance between them further, to where they are only a couple inches apart, softly grabbing one of George's hands, thumb massaging the palm of the Brit's hand in a comforting manner. George's next statement wavered as his lip trembled, vision blurring as he fell apart at the seams.

“Why... Why haven't you left me yet..?” he whimpered.

“I could never leave you.” Dream whispered, emerald eyes shining as he looked at George with nothing but love and adoration. Not a single trace of the hatred that George felt he *should* be receiving. The hatred that *he deserved*.

And that broke the dam.

Suddenly a sob bubbled up in George's chest, choking him as he hiccuped out a breath. All of his strength wavered as he trembled, hot tears breaking free at last. Dream caught him as his knees buckled, lowering them both down to the ground softly as George broke down in gut wrenching sobs, gasping breaths in between each cry. The Brit grabbed onto the fabric of Dreams' shirt as if his life depended on it, as if it could stop himself from falling apart even though he was already broken. Dream tightly held onto him in response, lightly shushing him as he provided soft mumbles of reassurances, hand softly combing through his hair while his other arm was draped over his back.

The scene might have looked strange to onlookers; hadn't they been inside a hospital? It seemed that crying was a totally acceptable thing there, but even if it wasn't, it wasn't like either of them paid any mind to it, or really cared for that matter.

Eventually George's sobs quieted down to soft hiccups, as he attempted to catch his breath. Dream quieted down as well, residing to simply continue repeating the mechanical movement of brushing his fingers through George's soft hair.

“I'm sorry- I'm so so sorry.” George blubbered out into Dreams shirt, voice watery and broken.

Dream continued to brush George's hair in a comforting manner, barely managing to keep the shake out of his own fingertips.

“No George, *I'm* sorry.” Dream emphasizes “I am so sorry that you're going through this. That you got hurt. That I wasn't *there* for you.”

Dream took a shuddering breath.

“You’re one of the strongest people that I know- and I am *so sorry* that we have made you feel like you’re inferior- or not wanted, because that couldn’t be farther from the truth.”

George stilled in Dream’s hold, trying to take in what Dream was saying because it felt so wrong, but Dream sounded so sincere.

“You’re not a burden, infact, you’re a gift. I don’t know what I would be doing without you. Hell, why do you think I’m here- I’m here because you needed me- and I’m sorry I wasn’t here sooner.”

“Dream..” George murmured as he finally lifted his head to face Dream, only to be met by a shaky smile, quiet tears streaming down his face. Dream was crying. Dream had been *crying* .

“George.. your- I- I’m- you- you’re my best friend. And I don’t think I could ever leave you- even if you wanted me to. You mean so much to me and I don’t want you to ever feel like you’re a burden. I want to be here with you, I want to help you-“ a small sob broke Dream’s sentence, his lip starting to tremble as he used a shaky hand to slowly brush a hair out of George’s face. “.. I want you to be okay... and I hate seeing that you aren’t.”

George frowned at Dream. This hurts. It hurts so bad and he can’t explain why- to see Dream so upset, *over him*, is a different kind of pain he can’t describe. He wanted to hold Dream and tell him that it’s fine. He wanted Dream to hold him, and to protect him from everything that’s wrong with the world.

He needed Dream to be there for him.

And he needed to be there for Dream.

“Thank you.. for being here.”

Dream gave him a shaky smile, “Always.”

George then opened up his arms, an invitation. One that Dream took almost instantly. Arms wrapped around one another once more, chins resting on the others shoulder. Dream let out another sob, shaking as his composure finally broke.

They sat like this for a while, leaning on one another in the middle of the hallway. George didn't know how long they'd been there, but eventually, they both quieted down to the point where it seemed like for the most part they were done crying. George pulled away first, Dream silently complying with the movement. They looked at one another. They both looked *wrecked*. George's hair was an absolute mess and he looked like he hadn't slept in days, and Dream's face was all red and blotchy as he wiped his puffy eyes with his sleeve, but they were together. George smiled at Dream.

"We probably should finally go get some food."

Dream laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Listen, I know that might not be how hospitals work in regards to attire- but I don't really have much to go off because finding this info is hard and the last time I was in the hospital I was like, in 2nd grade. So I am basically going off of the vague memory that I have of my experience of when I was a kid. But then again, this is a fanfic, It's okay to get stuff wrong sometimes because it's not really that realistic anyway lol.

But yeah, haha hope you guys enjoyed- I know this has been a long time coming. Chapters 14, 15, and 16 should be coming out soon. I am trying to wrap up this fic so I can start showing you guys my new project c:

CHAPTER 14 IS ALREADY WRITTEN IT JUST NEEDS TO BE BETA'd IM NOT LYING THIS TIME-

Theoretically, are you as obsessed with me as I am of you?

Chapter Summary

George finally gets to leave the hospital, gay panic ensues.

Chapter Notes

Happy new year!! I hope you guys have a great start to the year <3 I sure have. I finally have finished writing YNHTBA, with chapter 15 being about 6k words and chapter 16 being about 9.5k o.o They are currently going through the editing process to make sure I am not a dummy when it comes to my grammar and whatnot- so they should be posted very soon. (And let me just say, buckle up because I might have gone off the rails a little with this one). Im sorry, but my only warning is to prepare for more pain to ensue, but I promise, things get better in the long run.

Goodluck!

TW// Hospitals, Internalized Homophobia, Unintentional self harm (I swear, its unintentional, but it is self inflicted), and most of what we have already been dealing with- lmk if I forgot anything!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The morning of George's departure from the hospital was very hectic.

Dream was packing, the nurses were checking over him one last time, filling out last minute paperwork, along with working out his prescriptions for pain meds at home and instructions as to how to further watch his injuries.

George was displeased to be informed that he was under advisory bed rest for the next week once he got home, just to ensure proper recovery with his ribs and shoulder.

‘Advisory’ his ass there's no way that's going to happen. Not if he had anything to say about it.

George still wore the hoodie Dream gave him yesterday, seeing no reason to once again subject himself to the scratchy linen of the hospital gown. And luckily, he hadn't gotten any beef over the action, infact. It seemed to make the checkout process easier because he didn't have to change.

“Have you eaten this morning?” The nurse beside him asked. And George grimaced a little bit. The short answer was no. He hadn’t. But the long answer was ever since their little ‘break down’ in the hallway, George really hadn’t been up to venturing to the cafeteria again. Especially after seeing *them*. Whoever they were-

If George was being honest he wasn’t 100% sure if he actually saw anyone there or not. Who knows- he could be delusional... He never got the chance to talk to Dream about it so it wasn’t like he could ask the American if he saw them too. And besides, it wasn’t worth stressing him out over it.

Georges and Dreams' relationship seemed to have improved exponentially after their conversation. The two of them finally found the courage to reassure one another that they didn’t hate each other, and they needed to *stop being idiots* .

Although George was still struggling to fully wrap his head around it.

It felt so wrong- to imagine Dream thinking of him so highly, but every single time Dream looked over at him it was impossible to deny the pure fondness within his gaze.

Speaking of Dream’s gaze, the blonde was looking over at him as George hesitated to answer the nurse's question.

“Uh no- I haven’t really had the chance-” He stated nervously.

“Well before you leave I recommend you stop by the cafeteria for a complimentary breakfast. If you want to heal you need to eat.” The nurse reprimanded and George smiled sheepishly. If he was being honest he really didn’t want to attempt to make the trek to the cafeteria again if he could help it. Dream must have seen George’s expression at the idea of it because suddenly he was speaking up, breaking the silence within the room.

“I can go ahead and grab us something.” He stated looking over at George.

“You don’t have too-”

“That would be wonderful!” The nurse and George stated simultaneously. Dream laughs at the two of them.

“Don’t worry I got it.” He stated, sliding his phone into his jean pocket as he headed for the door.

“Uh, Thank you Dream,” George stated uncertainly. In response to the statement Dream looked over at them in the doorway and winked at them, before making his departure.

What an *idiot* .

“How nice. You’re lucky to have him around.” The nurse hummed, not making eye contact with George as she wrote something on her clipboard, George nodded silently.

“Yeah- I really am.” He stated honestly.

“You guys really love each other, no wonder you two are boyfriends.”

George's heart froze. His mind reeling to a stop as shock hit him like a brick.

... what the HELL did she just say?

His internal panic must have been as obvious as an orange cone in the middle of a snowy field because the nurse looked up at him and read his expression in the *completely* wrong way.

“Oh! No no don’t worry, I am all supportive of that kind of stuff. Gotta support, am I right?” She smiles, giving him a light pat on the knee which definitely was not subduing his ‘deer in headlights’ expression anytime soon.

“Wh-where did you hear that from?” He stuttered out, his tongue like lead as he tried to put his thoughts to words.

“Oh Clay told me at the front desk when he first arrived. I was the one who checked him in.” She grinned, “And besides, even if he didn’t, with the way the two of you interact it's obvious. I'm honestly surprised nobody else has said something to you about it.”

Dream told them- It's obvious- H U H ?

He simply could not process a single word this lady was saying.

He- That didn't make any sense- he wasn't gay- he's always been straight. It's just been how it is, right? Yeah, he and Dream have a really good relationship, but that doesn't mean they like each other right? They were just friends. They always have been and always will be.

It's not like- George thinks about Dream all the time. No way. George was very independent. Dream was just his friend. A friend who had infectious laughs, soft touches, and a bright smile. He was just a friend that flew all the way overseas because he was *worried* about George. A friend who canceled his *flight back home* because George was hospitalized, and he didn't want to leave him alone.

But that was just because he was his friend right?

So... maybe George was lying to himself a little bit- but besides. It didn't even matter. Because even if he *did* feel something towards Dream (which he doesn't), There is no way that Dream feels the same way. Dream has plenty of other people to be interested in. And yeah Dream has said he will always be there for George *as a friend*. None of that meant that there were any implications behind that.

They are just friends. And always will be. Because that's how it's always been.

.. but what if he does feel the same way..?

George killed that thought as soon as it came. It's not a thing, it's not happening, he's straight. There's no reason to get his hopes up.

George nodded absently at the nurses statement as they continued to sit in silence until Dream waltzed back into the room, holding out a tray of food and two coffees, a big smile beaming on his face.

"I got the grub!" He stated excitedly. George snorted at the silly statement, action breaking him out of his internal panic.

What an idiot.

The moment they got back to George's flat, Dream was quick to force George to go to bed, which George was very reluctant to comply with, but ended up doing so once Dream offered to make them lunch so they could eat food and watch a movie. If George was being honest? That sounded really appealing, especially considering he didn't have to do much work to make it happen. (Although he did feel a little bad about the fact he wasn't helping Dream out)

It was weird being back in his apartment. The last time he was here, he was alone, and he found that wretched *letter* in his living room. The thought of it made his stomach turn, but the clattering of Dream in the kitchen was enough to remind him that this time around, he wasn't alone. So it was different, right?

He still felt uneasy, no matter how much he reassured himself. He shouldn't be afraid of his own flat.. but he was. ***It's not secure.*** He reminded himself. Someone got in here before right? So what's stopping them- Dream being here? Didn't the letter say that he would die if he kept talking to Dream? And now Dream is ***here*** .

George felt a sharp pain in his right hand.

He flinched a little bit, looking at his hand as he snapped out of his spiral. There was a small crescent shaped cut in the palm of his hand, which slowly started to leak out a little blood. His left thumb was resting in his right palm by the wound, which meant...

Whoops -

Before George really got the chance to think about it further, the door opened and Dream stepped inside, holding two bowls in his hands and two plastic water bottles tucked under his arm. Dream was quick to notice George's blank expression upon his entrance, his brow quickly furrowing in concern.

“Are you okay..?”

George sighed, looking down at his palm. “Yeah I just accidentally cut my hand a little bit. Nothing too bad. I just was being stupid.”

Dream frowned at him, the concern in his expression only deepening as he set the bowls and waters down on Georges night stand, and he softly grabbed onto Georges right hand to take a look at the injury, which was lightly dripping blood. Dream let go of George's hand.

“I'm going to get you a bandaid.” Dream stated, turning to look for the nearest bathroom.

“Oh- you- you don't need to do that, the cut is really small-” George stuttered out, Dream turned to look at him, concerned expression morphing into a goofy smile as he raised an eyebrow at him.

“Yeah O.K. Georgie. I am going to go ahead and get a bandaid for your boo boo so sit tight.” Dream restated in a silly voice.

“DREAM-”

And then his friend was gone, disappeared around the corner. George would've been upset, if it wasn't for less than a minute later Dream was coming back with a bandage in hand. He silently took George's hand again and applied the bandaid over the wound. Once it was securely on, George pulled his hand away to examine the bandaid.

“... baby shark band aids..? Really Dream?”

“Hey, you're the one that had them, not me.”

“Uh- I feel like I am being framed.”

“I feel like you have terrible memory

George rolled his eyes as Dream grabbed a bowl from the nightstand and handed it to George, the smell of red sauce and spaghetti filling his senses. He smiled. “It better be better than the stupid

cafeteria food at the hospital.” He commented.

“That’s a really low bar to set- I sure *hope* it's better.” Dream stated as he picked up his own bowl, and grabbed the TV remote before he made his way over to George's desk chair off to the side of the bed. He looks over at the TV above George's dresser and looks over at George. “So what do you want to watch?”

And that's how George and Dream found themselves watching Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Askaban while eating bowls of spaghetti on a rainy Sunday night.

After about 25 minutes into the movie, George had finished his spaghetti (which indeed was better than the cafeteria food) and set the bowl to the side on his night stand. It seemed that Dream had finished his as well, because his bowl was already discarded on George's desk.

George looked over at Dream, who had his back turned to him as he sat in his office chair, a light frown gracing face as his heart twisted a little. He kind of wants Dream to sit with him- *is that wrong?* Light nerves bubbled in his stomach and he couldn’t tell if it was due to the uneasiness of being back in his flat, or *something else* .

He could always ask Dream if he wanted to sit up with him. Dream wouldn’t take offense to that right? Maybe he shouldn’t put him in that position, because if he says no that's awkward. And besides, Dream doesn’t want to be sitting next to George anyway, because if he did he would have done it already-

No. He was being stupid.

George bit the side of his tongue in contemplation before he steeled himself, biting down his nerves as he found his voice.

“Hey Dream..?”

Dream immediately spun around in his chair to face George, eyebrows raised a little as he shows that he is giving the brit his full attention.

“Yes George?”

“Do.. Do you maybe want to sit up here? You probably would be able to see the TV better.” George stated, fiddling absently with the edge of his blanket. Dream smiled.

“Sure, I’d like that.” Dream stated as he got up and walked over to George, who was scooting over to the far side of the bed to make room for Dream. As Dream sat down next to him in the now open space, they immediately touched shoulders. George looked over at Dream in surprise, he expected Dream to sit next to him, sure, but he didn’t expect him to sit *right next* to him. Granted, it made a little sense considering his bed was a double and not like a queen or king or something. But still, he thought that Dream was going to try to keep his own personal space.

Not that he was complaining about the contact or anything however- honestly it was quite nice, even though he would never admit it outloud.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Dream asked, eyebrow raised- before his brow furrowed in concern, “Is something wron-”

“No everything is fine-” George assured quickly, waving a hand as if to brush him off, turning his attention back to the TV. “Everything is all good- it's nothing.”

Dream’s gaze lingered for a moment before he slowly turned his attention back to the TV as well. “Okayy Georgie, whatever you say.”

And with that, they fell back into a comfortable silence as they sat still next to one another, relishing in each other's company. George's uneasiness and nerves calmed a bit with the contact of Dream being right there- it was a reminder that he wasn’t alone, a reminder that someone does (supposedly) care for him. It made him feel safe, despite everything that had happened over the past few weeks. It was... nice.

And as time went on with the movie, that safety allowed George's energy levels to wane, as slowly George found himself struggling more and more to keep himself from nodding off to sleep. Once or twice he had to catch himself from falling onto Dream's shoulder (praying he wouldn’t notice) but it was getting more and more difficult to do. One time in particular, upon George bouncing back up he accidentally hits his head lightly against the headboard behind him, the noise enough to catch Dreams' attention. George doesn’t make eye contact with him, instead keeping his eyes on the TV. His thoughts were quickly interrupted however by a soft squeeze of his left hand (the one settled in between him and Dream) He looked over at Dream, not pulling away from the contact. Dream spoke in a hushed voice with a slight smile.

“George- It's okay.. I don't mind if you lean on me.”

That was... not what he expected.

But he wasn't going to complain.

George tiredly nodded in response and softly leaned over to rest the side of his head against Dream's shoulder, eyes blinking closed as he gave himself a few seconds to rest his eyelids. After some time Dream adjusted, draping his right arm over George's shoulder, pulling him a little closer.

This was nice. Sitting with Dream like this- carefree. He felt safe... He felt appreciated... He... He felt *loved* .

Maybe the nurse was onto something after all.

It's very possible that this was George's tired brain talking, because under normal circumstances, he most likely wouldn't have the balls to ask Dream anything remotely close to this, but he wanted to *know* - he wanted to see how Dream really felt.

“Dream..?” George mumbles, and Dream hummed in acknowledgement, thumb absently rubbing against his right arm.

“The nurse this morning said that you told her that you were my boyfriend...” He trailed off, blinking his eyes open as Dream stiffened a little bit. “Why.. Why did you do that?”

George felt Dream's head shift as he looked off to the side, most likely thinking of some sort of response. As he started talking, he relaxed a little again.

“I.. honestly it was the only way I was able to see you. Only spouses or relatives were allowed back to see the patients, and I wanted to be there for you.”

George's jaw shifted, as he considered Dream's explanation. It still didn't line up to him. It made sense, but it didn't seem like it was something Dream would be *comfortable* doing- it at least would have been something Dream would have *warned* him about.

“Did it make you uncomfortable?” George asked bluntly.

“I-” Dream stuttered. “Well- no- I mean, I wish I told you over you finding out on *your own* - but- me being associated as your boyfriend wasn’t a *bad* thing- I- I didn’t mind it at all. It was fine.”

“So..” George trailed off, *what the fuck is he doing*- “You’re saying that like, the idea of us dating didn’t bother you?”

Dream twitched nervously. “I mean-” He paused, “No George- I- it didn’t. You- I think that you’re great. So if theoretically we were to date- I would be perfectly okay with that. I just don’t want to make you uncomfortable, which is why I feel bad because I should have warned you about me doing that a while ago- but I thought telling you about it would make you even more uncomfortable than you already were.. So I thought it was better to just.. Not to mention it.”

George felt light as his arm tingled, a new wave of jitters and confidence surging through him. He didn’t plan for this- but he wanted to ask so badly. He pushed himself up a little, pulling himself out of Dream’s arms enough to where he was able to see Dreams' expression, who was nervous but also completely invested in whatever George was going to say.

“So you’re saying, if I were to ask you out right now, you would say yes?” George asked, heart both light and heavy at the same time- as he watched Dream so intently, analyzing his every move as if it was the key to some puzzle. Movie completely forgotten.

“I-” Dream's voice left him completely, he was taken aback. George looked down slightly as he felt Dream interlace his fingers with George's left hand again. The blonde gathered himself for what he was about to say. “I... I think I would say yes. If- theoretically- you were to ask me out right now.”

George felt light headed.

Oh my god.

If he asked Dream if he wanted to go out, he would say yes.

Dream wants to be with him.

And-

He wants to be with Dream.

And George was finally ready to acknowledge that.

George opens his mouth once more, to ask the question to seal the deal. The question that has been eating at him for *months*, even if he didn't realize it. The question that apparently, confirmed that Dream felt the exact same way he did.

But, before George even got a chance to get a word out-

The windows shattered.

Chapter End Notes

oops...

Chapter 15 and 16 out soon!! I love you guys and all the support you have given me over this past year. I am really hoping the next chapter lives up to your expectations.. I am sticking with the plan I had since the beginning and I am just hoping it will suffice and not be a letdown- buttt yeah! comments and kudos are appreciated, but not an expectation, and I will see you guys in the next one <3

(oh also ps! if you want more content you should check my new work Stormy Nights- its a vigilante/hero fic with discduo and dark sbi.. and I have alot planned for that, having it be my next big project c:)

You'll "never" have to be alone...

Chapter Summary

Things go south. Very south. But hey, they found out who the stalker was...?

Chapter Notes

HEYYYYYYYYY-

So uh. I was gonna wait a few days to post this... but then I got impatient LMAO. This chapter is the 3rd longest chapter in the fic, and for the most part, I am pretty proud of it- still nervous about the big reveal but I hope you guys like it...? Anyway- it is a very heavy chapter- I kind of went off the rails while writing it- make sure you are prepared for a lot of angst, stay safe friends <3

haha.

Goodluck.

TW//break-ins, sharp objects (knife), stalking, blood, graphic description of injury, murder, panic attacks, a lot of angst, expect any tags that have been tagged throughout the fic to apply here (lmk if I forgot anything important)

(PS- if you have any questions about these tags that you need clarification on to ensure that you are able to read or not read this chapter- feel free to either DM me on discord through my server: or leave a comment or something - my discord server link is at the bottom of the chapter)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The shattering of the window led to a series of events that played out in the matter of a few seconds.

For starters, as the sound pierced through the room George's gaze ripped away from Dream and his voice cut short. As he saw movement at the window he stiffened- freezing while his brain told him to *move*.

Luckily, it seemed that Dream got the memo as his grip tightened around the older's hand before he practically yanked George across to the left side of the bed- putting as much distance between them and whoever that *figure* was.

George stumbled as he hopped off the bed to stand next to Dream. The American quickly let go of

George's hand to grab onto the Brit's midsection, helping him regain his footing before softly releasing him once he was sure George was okay to stand on his own.

And that's what led the blonde and brunette to turn towards the shattered window. Where they stood face to face with the very person that had been tormenting George for *weeks*.

George's stomach dropped.

Dream put an arm out in front of him.

"Who the fuck are you?" The American spat.

The figure stood tall, brushing off their black jacket with their leather gloves, discarding any extra glass shards that stuck to the fabric. Their sunglassed gaze looked up, a large hat casting a shadow over their face as they chuckled.

Then, unexpectedly, the stalker's hand raised up to grab the edge of their hat, before slowly lifting it up, allowing long thick locks of artificially blonde hair flow down past their shoulders. With the same hand, the figure also grabbed onto the dark sunglasses they wore- revealing hazel eyes that were accentuated by black eyeliner and green eyeshadow, and a *dream smile tattooed on her cheek*.

"Hi Dreamy Poo~" She cooed sweetly, winking at the blonde.

George shuddered.

"How do you know who I am?" Dream asked slowly. Which- honestly? Fair question. So far, Dream has done a pretty good job keeping his face off the internet. And yeah- Dream *was* a blonde man that was hanging out with George in this scenario- but that doesn't necessarily mean that he's *Dream*. Not every blond that George hangs out with is Dream.

We're not going to talk about the fact that honestly? George doesn't hang out with anyone else-

"How do I know you?" She parroted, a sickening sweetness to her tone. "Dreamy Poo, I am your biggest fan! Of course I know who you are!"

The girl then proceeded to pull out her phone - which happened to have a green case with Dreams' signature smile printed in black, surrounded by a drawn in red heart - and then she tapped a few buttons before flipping the phone in their direction to show them the small image on her screen. Which was... a picture of Dream..?

“We’ve been hanging out for months!” She grinned, before flipping through picture after picture after picture of Dream- at the grocery store- at the gas station- at a **house**- one which George quickly concluded to belong to Dream. Before she continued to flip through the images Dream walked close enough to her to snatch the phone out of her hand. The girl letting go of it easily, as if she doesn’t really care if Dream was taking her property.

George moved to join Dream’s side as he flipped through the next few pictures that were taken previous to the ones already shown. The blonde’s brow furrowed further as he backed out to the woman's full gallery...

... it was filled with hundreds of pictures of Dream.

And not like, the kind of pictures of fanart that you would get off twitter or reddit, or the screenshots from their streams or videos. No no no- this was pictures of Dream just living his life. Pictures of Dream just doing things that any normal person would do when they aren’t trying to entertain an audience. Pictures of him in public, pictures of him at his home, pictures of him through his window- sometimes it was even times it looked like Dream was streaming or something. As the American scrolled and scrolled and scrolled the date on the top left corner kept on going back and back and back- showing no signs of stopping.

This had been going on for **months**.

And Dream had no idea.

“Aren't you happy to see me?” The stalker's voice cut innocently through the frozen air as the phone trembled in the Americans' grip. George moved a little bit closer to the younger as if his presence would give some semblance of comfort.

“You’re sick.” The Brit stated, his voice not as strong as he would have liked it to be. The bite behind it was suppressed by the panic that crawled through his nerves - threatening to take over if he wasn’t careful.

It was like a switch was flipped in the stalkers expression the moment George started talking. Pure *hatred* and *jealousy* etched into the girl's features.

“Of course ***you*** would say that you fucking deadweight. You’re the whole reason we’re in this fucking predicament. Because. You. Won’t. Go. ***Away.***” the woman snarled, eyeliner accentuating her hazel eyed *death glare* she was giving the Brit.

“Don’t speak to him like that.” Dream snapped while George curled into himself, the words digging into the skin of his barely healed wounds.

The stalker's brow furrowed at the two of them, flitting her gaze between Dream and George. The brit looked away to avoid her burning gaze.

“*Hmm... he has a worse grasp on you than I initially thought...*” She muttered, but George heard it.

“What do you want?” Dream questioned coldly.

“I want you to be with me, Dreamie Poo,” She stated simply.

Dream must have gave her a look because she sighed, sweet smile faltering slightly as she continued to explain herself.

“...after hanging out with you for a while it came to my attention that you were rather... entranced... by George.” She stated, her sweet tone souring as the brits name left her lips. “All the time it's just *George this* or *George that* -”

George looked up, to see the stalker’s hazel eyes glued to the ground beside her. Head tipped down and brow furrowed - looking as if she was given a really hard puzzle, and was told to solve it.

“I quickly realized that no matter how much I tried to help Dream... I wasn’t going to be able to fix him unless you were properly out of the equation.”

She looked up at George.

“So I came to London.”

It suddenly became really hard to breathe.

“I will admit, it did take me longer to find you than I would have liked. Who knew the city was so big?” She laughed. “At first I don’t think you noticed me, it wasn’t until the grocery store encounter that you actually saw me. And oh, was it so fun to see you running scared.” She laughed maniacally, “I mean come on! You saw me like what, three times? And the next thing I knew you were full on sprinting down the street... not that that really mattered too much though, because despite your best ‘attempts’ you still led me straight to your home, which admittedly made my job *a lot* easier.”

The stalker tilted their head for a second as if they were trying to remember what happened next.

“Oh! And then you went to Brighton, right? That was great. Because it finally gave me time to get into your apartment because let me tell you. You’re the biggest hermit I have ever seen! Which makes sense considering how little you matter. But. It made it very difficult for me to be able to actually get in there to leave you your letter. Hell, I even considered leaving it at your doorstep because you just *wouldn’t* come out.”

“Luckily though, you didn’t spoil my fun and eventually came out- and for a whole day too! How nice!” Her grin widened, “It gave me plenty of time to set up, and also bug the place. You really got to check under your coffee tables ya know.”

His stomach turned, and he felt like his whole body was trembling. He wanted to ask how- how did she get into the place- how did she get in and out scott free- why did he not do *anything* about it-

“Regardless. You put on a nice show when you found the letter, but apparently. You can’t read for shit. Because I literally *told* you to back off, or there *will* be consequences. And what was the first thing you did? *You called Dream!* The singular person I warned you to stay away from. It’s almost like you’re asking to be killed. Gold star for that one buddy.”

She shook her head in annoyance, “Once it was proved to me that you were a complete idiot, I decided to take action. At first I tried to take you out quietly. I could see the article now;

'Georgenotfound, Minecraft youtuber, died in a car crash at the youthful age of 24'.” The stalker presented with hand gestures in the air, as if it was this great grand thing. George's knees felt weak, but before he had the chance to fall over, strong arms held onto his left arm while the other once reached over his back, both ready to catch the brit if he fell- but also reassuringly rubbed circles in an attempt to calm him down even if it was just a little bit.

Once again, George was extremely thankful for Dream.

The stalker's blood boiled as her expression bittered.

“Anyways...” She glared, “You didn’t die in the car crash, unfortunately. Actually- your driver did die right? Yeah, he did. Thanks to you. He had a wife and kids, you know that right? Probably would have never died if it wasn’t for you riding in that car. But, whatever, those kids can grow up without a father, I am sure they will be fine,” the stalker stated sarcastically, a bite in her tone that is most definitely aimed at George, Dream only held his arm tighter.

“Basically you, unfortunately, did not die from the car crash. Or adhere to my simple warnings that I gave you. It could have been easy! But no, you had to be a *prick like you always are.*” she hissed.

The stalker held a gaze with only one statement behind it- one promise as her murderous glare practically wrote his death sentence before she had the chance to say it.

“So, since you were unable to leave on your own accord. I’m going to have to make you”

The woman moved her hand out from under the flap of her coat - *since when was she reaching inside?* - to reveal a large knife that glinted in the room's fluorescent lights.

Oh.

Oh.

She was armed.

They should have expected that, shouldn't they?

Dream stood almost directly in front of George, blocking the brit from view as his voice stuttered out.

“Wha- Why do you have to kill him though? George has done *nothing wrong* . If you’re so obsessed with me, why don’t you just take me instead?” Dream states incredulously, “I don’t care what you do- I’ll do what you want. Just leave him out of it.” He stated angrily- covering the growing fear that was etching its way into his demeanor. The stalker simply shook her head in disappointment. A long sigh escaped through her lips as she met Dreams' eyes.

“I’m the ying to your yang- the nightmare to your dream. We’re *perfect* together. And it’s so *unfortunate* that George had to come in an fuck that all up for the two of us,” she tisked, genuine disappointment in her tone. “But let’s face it Dream, you’re not fixable with *him* alive. No matter how much you ‘claim’ that he is out of your life you’re still going to think about him. Because you know somewhere out there, your so-called ‘*boyfriend*’ is sitting and waiting hopelessly for your eventual return. The only way to reverse the damage he’s done is to erase him from the equation entirely. So you can heal.” She smiled empathetically, Dream smile tattooed on her cheek crinkling up a little bit at the action. “Yeah, it will hurt a bit for a while- but eventually you will realize how much of a leech he was, and you will *thank me*. I am only trying to do what’s best for you, okay? You’re gonna be fine dearie,” She finished reassuringly.

And maybe Dream would be fine- as much as he didn’t want to die, what the woman was saying *did* line up with what he kind of expected all along... He was a leech, that’s what he had been telling himself the whole time.

So... then why did he feel like that was simply... not true?

Suddenly, Dream let out a broken laugh, as he pressed his hands to his face. “God... this is *fucking INSANE*. ” He shook his head, his smile painfully strained. “You’re insane! I don’t know what the fuck your problem is but you need some serious help, because you have some strange *fantasy* in your head that simply isn’t true. *I. Don’t. Know. You.*” He bites, “And even if I did! I sure as hell wouldn’t even consider giving a psychopath like you the time of day. **ESPECIALLY** if that’s how you are going to treat George!”

Dream didn’t even look back as he took a step forward, putting himself entirely in between the stalker and George. Pointing a finger accusingly at the armed woman in front of him.

“George is the best thing to have *ever* happened to me- understand? He is not a burden- or a leech- or whatever else you want to fucking call him. And no matter how much you want me to fit this

crazy fantasy of yours- where the two of us are two peas in a pod or whatever. I can't. Because no matter what you do to him - which mind you I won't let you do it - I will **never** stop loving George, because he is *everything* to me."

The stalker's mouth twitched, her grip on her weapon tightened, frown spread across her face as she numbly spoke.

"I was afraid you would say that."

And within seconds- everything went to hell.

The stalker lunged at the two of them, Dream standing directly in front of George. Before either of them had time to truly think- the American quickly turned and pushed the brit out of the way, causing them both to stumble farther into the room- *rather than closer to the door*. Which allowed the stalker to block their one exit.

Well George guesses they could possibly try the window, but considering that George lived on the 4th story that probably wouldn't go over very well. (And he elected to not think about how the *fuck* the stalker managed to climb up and break a window on the 4th floor)

Dream turned to look behind them before reaching for a *metal fork* from their pasta bowls they finished earlier that evening. He held it out in front of them as if that would stop the stalker in her tracks.

"George-" Dream pleads urgently, "When you get a chance I need you to *run* ."

And oh, how badly did he want too.

George wanted to run for the hills. To get out of this *fucking flat* and get away from the person who has apparently been stalking not only himself, but Dream aswell- for months! He just wanted this nightmare to be over, he wanted for all the pain to stop.

But running meant leaving Dream, and there's no way in hell he was doing that.

“*No*. I am not leaving you.”

Before Dream had a chance to respond the stalker interrupted their conversation, with a crazed smile.

“Aww... how cute...” she cooed, the knife being twirled in her grip. “The two star crossed lovers don’t want to leave one another. That’s fine. That makes it easier for m-”

The end of her sentence was cut off as Dream went on the offensive, kicking the woman in the gut, causing her to stumble back a couple of steps (but she unfortunately didn’t fall). Dream was taller than her, that was for certain, but that didn’t necessarily mean that he knew how to fight. This wasn’t minecraft. And the stalker was armed. So even if the American might have the upper leg in the brawns department, he definitely doesn’t in the weaponry- or the experience.

The stalker swung at Dream with the knife, only for Dream to dodge under it, which led to the stalker immediately reacting, throwing a punch with her other hand- clocking Dream *hard* in the nose.

Immediately Dream stumbled, hand reaching to his nose which immediately started to bleed. George moved at that, trying to get into the fray- *trying to protect Dream*- only for the stalker to notice him coming from the other direction. Rather than swinging a punch at him like he thought she would, she moved to kick him in the same way Dream kicked her. A forceful booted foot (contrasting to Dreams and George’s socked feet) slammed into George’s ribs, causing him to yell out in pain as his chest lit on fire, right side particularly flaring up - his previously broken ribs screaming at him over the harsh contact. He clutched his side as he stumbled into the wall - catching himself on it to keep him from falling over completely as he gasped for breath through the stabbing pain.

“Still sore aye?” The stalker quipped, that crazed smile that she had plastered onto her face since the beginning of the fight never faltering. “How convenient.”

She moved to kick him again when Dream came up behind her and grabbed her by the neck, dragging her back away from George. She kicked and elbowed the American for a couple steps before she flipped the knife backwards in her hand, moving to stab Dream whilst being stuck in his arms. Dream seeing this however- let go as he jumps back to dodge the blade- the sharp side of it just grazing his left arm, sending a long diagonal slice across it.

Dream hisses at the wound but doesn’t falter as he went in for another punch with his right hand- one which the stalker swiftly dodged. She tried to take another jab at Dream but Dream expected it,

hopping back again, almost tripping over the desk chair which now was directly behind the American as a result of the two of them migrating around the room.

The stalker, who was silently focusing, must have noticed this fact, because right before Dream lunged forward for yet another swing, she turned to the desk and grabbed the biggest thing she could find in the moment - which was a big metal water bottle - and as Dream moved she turned, swinging the thing right at Dream's head. It makes contact with a loud ringing *THUD*- causing Dream to fall back, tripping over the office chair which made the American flip as he *and* the chair tumbled to the ground. Dream groaned in pain as he rolled onto his back.

That was probably a nasty head injury.

By this time, George had finally collected himself enough to stand, and work through the stabbing in his chest, but before he had the chance to cross the room, his blood ran cold as she saw the stalker positioning herself above Dream, the sharp knife that already had a hint of Dream's blood glinting in the light.

Dream didn't have any time to move- *George* didn't have any time to move. It all happened in a few seconds and once again, George felt completely and utterly helpless. The feminine voice filled the room; reminding him once again of his useless nature.

“IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU-” The stalker yelled, agony and anger mixing into one deranged tone. “**NOBODY CAN!**”

And with that, the knife was plunged into Dream's stomach.

George *screamed*.

The agony that came with seeing Dream being stabbed in the stomach was so painful that you would question if it was *George* who had been getting stabbed.

George wished he was the one being stabbed.

His heart ached so bad it hurt to breathe, to function, it was like tunnel vision- the only thing he saw was Dream, on the ground, with the bloody knife slowly being pulled out of his stomach.

And then he registered the sound of *laughing*.

His ears tuned into the world around him, body springing into action as he heard the sickening giggles of the stalker. Who was eyeing the blood on their knife- moving to raise it again.

But this time George got there in time.

“GET OFF OF HIM!” George screeched, jumping onto the stalker as he grabbed onto both of her arms, trying to wrangle the knife out of the grip of her leather gloves.

Accidentally getting too close to the knife during their tug of war for the weapon, the tip of it grazed the side of the face as he yanks it in his direction - pulling the stalker off of Dream. The stalker follows the momentum and tackles George to the ground, to where now they both hold two hands on the knife, currently pointed at George's face- the only thing preventing it from plunging into him is his shakey grip, sending spikes of pain into his weak shoulder.

While they stalemated in that position, fighting against one another's willpower, the stalker laughed once more.

“Isn't this *fun* George?! This is what you *wanted* right?! **RIGHT?!**”

Her tone edged from taunting to deranged once more. George stayed silent, all of his focus being spent on *keeping from dying - finding a way out of this* . The woman hissed, but kept speaking.

“Dream is going to fucking die and its ALL YOUR FAULT. If you just STAYED AWAY. *I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS!*” She yelled at him, putting more effort into her pushing the knife towards his face. George growls as he retorts with a strained voice.

“You... didn't have to do this... you sick fuck,” he spat as he tried to think of a way out of this- fast. He needed to get to Dream. And every second he spent fighting this psycho is another moment that Dream stays bleeding out on the floor, all alone.

The stalker put almost all of their weight into pushing down the knife, and George trembled as he struggled even more to hold her back-

Then an idea clicked.

Suddenly, he diverted his energy from trying to push up to pushing right- causing the stalker to lose her balance and fall to the side as the knife stabs into George's right arm. Having all her weight on the knife caused for the stalker to fall once there was no resistance against her, her grip loosening on the knife enough to allow George - who at this point was running solely on adrenaline - to steadily hold onto the butt of the knife as he rolled to the side, ripping the knife out of her grip as it stayed secure in his grip, which was keeping the damn thing lodged into his arm.

The moment he was clear from the stalker he ripped the metal object out of his arm - white hot pain obscuring his vision for a moment as the item slid through his arm like butter- whilst feeling like it was jaggedly ripping through every muscle in his arm at the same time. He held the knife in his left hand just as the stalker had moved to a standing position, pure fury etched her features.

But George's expression was much the same, but more. He was mad, he was in agony, he was hungry for *vengeance*. The Brit had never felt so mad in his *life*, the adrenaline that kept him going feeding into his drive to take this girl down.

And right now, despite his injuries, he had the upper hand.

As the stalker furiously came at him, George didn't move to dodge completely. Instead, he decided to move into her movement with the knife leading the way - stabbing straight into her fist, causing the woman to scream as her movement faltered and George pulled back, ripping the knife out of her hand to ready his next attack.

Having that been the first true hit against the woman, she staggered back, clutching her split hand as blood dribbled through her fingertips and down her arm. George chased her quickly, mercilessly leading with his newly obtained weapon as he swung wide, slicing the knife across her side, then, painfully with his right hand he followed through with punching her hard enough to have her stumbling to the ground once more. George followed suit by falling to his knees to pin her before she got the chance to try anything. Kneeling on her forearms, he sneers at her as she watches blood dribble out of her hand, her side, and for once- *for once*- a expression of panic replaced the fucking *smile* that always painted her features.

It was *beautiful*.

The stalker looked up at him with wide, hazel eyes, a nervous expression painting her features.

“h-hey- George! We... we can talk about this. You don’t have to do this. I’ll just go, and then you can have your flat to yourself!”

“It's a little late for that,” George said blankly. No way is she getting away. Not after what she had done.

She let out a pained, nervous laugh, “w-what... c’mon- just give me another chance. You kno-”

George was sick of this.

“You’re out of chances.”

And with anger festering in his veins, slowly, he moves to hold the knife above his head. Examining the pleading figure under him as he tunes out the noise.

She deserved this for breaking into his home.

She deserved this for causing him to only feel fear and panic for the past month.

She deserved this for trying to kill him in the car crash.

She deserved this for watching them at the hospital.

She deserved this for taking pictures of Dream.

She deserved this for *hurting Dream*.

He's made his mind up.

The knife plunged down.

The blade cut through the stalker's skin like it was butter, slicing through layers of flesh as George stabbed in from the left and then angrily yanked the metal object across to the right. Leaving a deep long gash across her throat.

He didn't think she lived for more than a minute.

Blood immediately pooled around the long gash, creating a river of red that traveled down the sides of her mangled neck. She choked as blood dribbled out of her mouth, and she breathed through what was essentially a straw with a huge slice in it. She continued to choke- and bleed- for a little bit before a singular tear rolled down her cheek, and she stilled.

George stared. The bloody knife falling to the ground as it slipped from the brunette's grip.

What did he just do?

He already knew the answer, but he doesn't believe it- there's no way- there's no way that he-

As he pressed his hand over her heart. It didn't beat.

He.

He just.

He just *killed* someone.

He just *murdered* someone.

Someone just *died* .

He's a murderer.

He scrambled off the body as his breath catches and panic surges through him.

body. body. body. body. body.

There's a dead body in his room.

A dead body of a person that he killed.

He felt lightheaded.

His breaths came out in short gasps as his whole body trembled. It was *his fault- his fault- his fault- **his fault***- that someone wouldn't live to see another day. He's a monster, hes a murderer, hes a killer- but they hurt Dream. They would have *killed Dream* - But the fact that they hurt Dream didn't change the fact that he was the one who killed them.

Shit.

Dream.

Suddenly George was on his feet again, scrambling across the room as he half sprinted- half stumbled to Dream's side. Dream was bleeding out. Dream was dying, and ***he wasn't fucking helping him.***

Once George fell next to Dream he was finally able to get a true look at his friend- his friend how had been laying here for who knows how long-

His friend that looked ***terrible*** .

For starters, there was blood coming from the side of Dreams forehead, as that corner of his face swelled slightly- definitely from the water bottle. Beyond that, his arm was covered in blood from

the diagonal cut he got from the fight, but George was aware that wasn't deep. The real problem was Dream's stomach, a wound that was *still bleeding*. It was a fatal wound, surely. The idea was only accentuated in his mind when blood dribbled out of Dream's mouth, and his eyes were already closed.

The only thing that told George that he was still alive was the faint rise and fall of the American's chest.

George's hands shook as they hovered over Dream's stomach, where blood was pooling, dyeing the blue shirt he was wearing a deep red.

He didn't know what to do- He didn't know what to do- He didn't know what to do-

His breath came out in short gasps as panic plagued his body. He couldn't be doing this right now. This can't be happening. Dream was dying, and there wasn't anything he could do. This was all his fault. Dream wouldn't have been here if it wasn't for him. He had killed someone.

Suddenly a hand made contact with his cheek to softly brush George's tears away - *He didn't even realize he was crying* - He leaned into the touch as a voice followed the sensation, and the man in front of him softly spoke.

“-shhh... g..george ‘ts... okay..” Dream croaked out.

Ha. Leave it to Dream to still manage to try and comfort him while dying on his carpet.

His lip trembled as he looked at Dream's half lidded gaze, emerald eyes that didn't look quite right for him barely able to properly focus in on the Brit. (Thank god that at least his eyes were at least open).

“bu- but it's not okay... y-you're not okay.. this- I- wh- I-“

“shhh...” Dream hushed, his hand falling limp as his head lulled as he tries to look at George- *he is losing a lot of blood-* George notes.

“..what do I do- Dream- I- I- don’t know what to d-do,” he uttered in panicked admittance.

“... m’be stop the blood- tha’s what... wh- the p’lice told me...” Dream slurs, as he tried to lift his head again, only to fall back once more. “I... can... could’t do it... myself...” Dream admits.

Georges eyes widen, “Shit- the police- I need to call the police you- you need help I-”

Dream hums in slight disagreement as he scrunches up his nose, “i.. al’red’y did... d... d’nt.. w’rry.”

George looked at him for a moment before he moved, turning to his bed to rip off his navy blue sheet. Within seconds he is back by Dreams side, propping the younger up up against his chest to sit him up a little (so hopefully he stops trying to raise his head) and then presses the fabric into Dreams chest, the material quickly darkening as it soaks in the blood that was already there, along with stalling the new blood that Dream was loosing. At the pressure Dream let out a small wince of pain, and George grimaced.

“I know- I’m sorry I’m sorry-” Dream didn’t really respond, just sluggishly blinking his eyes as he somewhat focused on George again. The American’s face frowned at something.

“...george...”

“What?” George quickly responded, Dream still stared at him.

“yo’r.. y.. you’r head...” Dream coughed, specks of blood flying out- the agony in Georges heart tugged harder, “you..r.. h’rt...”

George lightly used his left hand to put two fingers onto his face, pulling away to see, yeah, there is blood on his face...

Oh that’s right, he got cut. He almost forgot.

“I’m fine it doesn’t even hurt.” George stated honestly, “I’m worried about you right now.”

Dream moved his head a little against him- in what George thinks was a nod, before they fall silent again.

“..g’orge...”

“Yeah?” He asked softly, brushing his fingers through his friend's hair in a comforting manner.

“.. t’ll me... a s’try..”

George's heart sunk, fingers stopping momentarily as confusion plagues him.

“What?”

“a s’try..” Dream repeated quietly.

George froze, what was he supposed to say?

“Do... Do you remember that day that we played PVP... on that one server?”

Dream nods, George isn't sure that he's telling the truth.

“Well, I was streaming, and you and Sapnap were just messing around. I think when we kept on brawling, you kept on beating me- I still think you cheated by the way- but, eventually I got fed up with it so I started to use commands to kill you, which was pretty funny for me.” *He wasn't sure why he was telling this story-* “And then I think after that, I ended stream. Afterwards I think we talked about our fans, fans, stans- all that. Then eventually we just hung out some more and went to bed.” George paused for a moment, thinking of what exactly he wanted to say. “I- nothing really interesting happened that day- but- I guess it's a day that I have chosen to remember because it was *fun* . And it was before everything got... *weird* . I was actually able to sit back in my chair and listen to you guys mess around, without a care in the world. *I wasn't scared*. I was just... me. I was okay.”

And oh, how much he wished to be okay again.

“I think that's also one of the days that I kinda realized that... That I might...” he faltered. Is this really something he should be bringing up right now? It seemed inappropriate. But, what if he never got the chance to say something?

“That's one of the days I realized that I might actually like you. Not like- friends. But more than that.” He fell silent, struggling. “I just was scared of saying it- hell, I'm *still* scared of saying it. But... But.. I don't know, I feel like I need to now. I wish that I said something earlier.. because.. cause..”

... cause I'm not sure if we're going to both make it through this okay.

“But- don't worry! We're going to be fine. People are coming to help.. Any minute now. And when they do, we're going to get you fixed up alright? And then we're going to be fine-”

“-g'orge...”

“-Just hang in there alright? You're going to be fine, you're going to be okay-”

“-g..george.”

“And then afterwards we can talk, and next thing we know- we'll be back to making videos again! Just like we always do. It'll be-”

“*george...*” Dream grits out, strained as he tried to project his voice as much as possible- making George fall silent of his rambling instantly. George stayed silent, giving Dream the chance to say what he needs to say.

“..I..”

Dream coughed badly, fear gripped at George's insides as his frown deepens.

“I...”

“.. *I love you..*”

George’s heart stopped- as his breath caught.

Dream said I love you.

Dream... he...

He..

His...

His eyes are *closed*.

“Dream..?”

He shook him a little, his friend’s head lulled as he lay limply against his chest.

“Dream-”

Another shake, no change.

“Dream. This isn’t funny.”

Another shake, no change.

“Dream you can’t say that then.. then..”

Dream laid still against his chest, George pushed him away a little to get a better look at him.

“Dream. Talk to me.”

His skin was so pale- his eyes were closed- *his clothes were soaked in blood.*

“Wake up.” George commands, but his voice was shaking.

Dream didn’t wake up.

“Dream. Wake up.” George's voice raised as he tried to reach him, his voice still shaking all the same.

Dream didn’t wake up.

Tears streamed down George's face as he stared at his best friend.. No.. his something beyond that- he wasn’t sure what, exactly- but there was more to Dream than everyone else he’s ever met.

“CLAY- WAKE UP!” He yelled, his whole body shaking, tears streaming like waterfalls.

-And that something was gone.

George sobbed, as he collapsed against Dreams chest- the Americans blood staining his hair, on his face- But he didn’t care.

He was *gone*.

gone. gone. gone. gone. gone.

“I love you too.” George admitted in between his sobs. “I-I love you so so much.”

Too late.

“I need you to come back Dream- Please- God- I love you- I- I can’t do this without you- please- please- ”

Too late.

Eventually, flashing lights were seen outside of the window.

Too late.

There were storming footsteps heard through the hall, the sound of his front door being broken in.

Too late.

Police officers entered the room- taking control of the scene.

Too late.

Paramedics came in, and run over to them-

Too late.

A pair of paramedics grabbed him, and tried to pry him away from Dream, things were said but he couldn’t hear them- he registered himself screaming as he was finally pried free.

Too late.

And then.. *They took Dream away from him...*

Chapter End Notes

Welp.

That was fun, wasn't it?

(please don't kill me)

Chapter 16 is done, I am just waiting to post it... I want to give this chapter a little time- but knowing me I will get impatient again. This chapter (15) has been planned since day one- and despite my doubts, I decided to stay strong with my main premise, after chapter 16 is posted I might explain a few things a little more in detail. But, yeah, the whole stalker identity thing was always going to be this- the only thing that was different was how *far* I ended up taking it with Dreams injuries and Georges actions- b u t. I still got the point across in the end so its fine...? :)

Comments and kudos are appreciated and not required <3, stay safe, and join my discord LMAO: <https://discord.gg/7E4GknXbTk>

I will always be by your side

Chapter Summary

Things... get better?

Chapter Notes

So this is it-

I just want to say right now thank you all so so much for sticking with me through all of this. I know I have been a huge pain when it comes to updates and honestly this whole experience has been a wild ride. This is the first thing I ever wrote- like, before this I didn't write much at all. And I just can't believe I finally finished it. This chapter is the longest out of all of them... I hope you enjoy...

TW// pretty much any tag that has been on a previous chapter- but the main ones are: hospitals, stab wounds, murder, guilt, near death experiences, general trauma (are we surprised?)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream learned what getting stabbed felt like the hard way.

Honestly, the series of events following the smashing of the window had been an absolute shit show. A complete mess. A fiasco. Whatever. He didn't really stand much of a chance once he was smacked up against the head with a metal water bottle (that most DEFINITELY had water in it mind you-) to being almost immediately pinned down before he had a moment to recover from the dizziness that took over his vision, and the splitting headache that started to form.

Learning about this “stalker” person up close and personal was terrifying, what was even more terrifying was the pure information that the girl fucking knew- she had been stalking him for *months* and he had no idea-

But on top of that all, the most terrifying part was the stalker's obsession over him, and in return- the pure *hatred* of George. When the girl admitted her plans to kill George- admitted that she had already *tried* . Made Dream's blood boil. He already knew that he was going to protect George from the beginning, but the more and more the girl talked the more he realized how badly he *needed* to be there.

Well, I guess looking at him now he did a pretty shitty job didn't he?

Blood pooled at the wound as his vision blurred in and out. It was bad, he knew that for sure. Blinding pain at most movements as it felt like his chest was on fire.

He couldn't get up, he couldn't move, and he could barely breathe.

His ears rang a bit as he coughed with his hand covering his mouth, when he pulled it away- there was new red liquid speckled against the palm of his hand.

Well that wasn't good.

He realizes that if he was going to do anything to help George- (*please god be okay*)- then he was going to have to do something **now**. Because the more and more he waited- the more lightheaded he got. And as much as he loved to be an optimist... he wasn't that optimistic about how long he truly was going to be able to stay awake.

He needed to get help.

Luckily, Dream was certain that he had his phone on him, having it tucked in his jean pocket like it normally was. So he reached down with shaky fingers and fished out the item from his pocket- the screen slick on bloody fingers. As he turned on his phone the light was blinding- aggravating the stabbing pain in his head reminding him that he does indeed, have a nasty headache, it just doesn't quite match up to the pain of the gaping wound in his stomach- the wound that ya know, he was currently bleeding out from.

He squints as he locates the phone app with slippery fingers, proceeding to slowly but shakily type in the emergency number for the police (which was apparently 999 over the number 911 you would call in America) before hitting the call button.

The phone only rang twice before a dispatcher picked up.

"Hello police, what's your emergency?"

He coughed as he tried to speak, taking a moment as he coughed up a little more blood before he attempted to clear his throat.

“h-hi, um, yes- I think I have been st-stabbed?” *Why did he state that as a question? He definitely had been stabbed, there’s no “think” behind it.*

“Stabbed?? Do you know where you are?”

“y-yes.” he stated shakily before he prays he lists off the correct address to the police.

“Alright, help is on the way. Can you tell me where exactly you have been stabbed?”

“... stomach.” he strains out, apparently he’s not doing as well as he had hoped.

“Okay, any other injuries?”

“my head... and arm... a-although the arm isn’t b-bad.”

“Do you have a concussion?”

How the fuck was he supposed to know that?

“I... I don’t know.. maybe?... everything is d-dizzy..” He mumbles honestly.

“That could also be from blood loss, is there anyone else with you?”

“... kinda g-george and the s-stalker- ” he coughed, god, it hurts so bad to speak, each syllable pulling at his chest; “-t-they’re fight.. Fighting.”

“Stalker?”

“Yeah- the... t-the woman-” another set of wet coughs, “w-who.. attacked us...”

“Is she trying to harm you?”

“..n-no. But... but she c-could hurt g-george... you need to help h-him..” he pushed, they need to get here- George could be hurt- **or worse-** and at the moment Dream didn’t think he would be capable of doing anything about it.

“What does the ‘stalker’ look like?”

“b-blond... alot of makeup... t-tattoo on her ch-cheek.”

“And how did they get into your house?”

Another set of coughs wracked through his body as he spat up some more blood- his vision blackening at the edges. God, he *hated* this. It was so painful. He tried to take in a shuttery- uneven breath before speaking.

“M..mam.. I am not s-sure... how much l-l-longer.... I... I will be... able t-to.. s-stay aw-awake...” He gasped out with a pained voice, straining to be heard.

“Are you trying to stop the bleeding?”

“wha..what?”

“Stopping the bleeding- by putting pressure on it.”

“n-no..”

He didn’t know you needed to do that.

“Okay, what I am going to need you to do is put both of your hands over the wound and press into it- if you have any cloth around use it. Help is on the way, but you still need to try and stop the bleeding if you can- Got it?”

Dream hummed in response as he set down his phone to be able to use both hands against the wound. Shakily he pressed inward against the pooling liquid on his stomach only for blinding hot pain shot up through his body in retaliation. Instinctually he let go as pain electrified his limbs. He probably yelled out- but he wasn't entirely sure because the pain was so unmanageable that his ears started to ring. He tried to catch his breath, but each inhale and exhale was *painful* although for every breath he didn't take- the more lightheaded he got. He couldn't *do this*. He thought, everything becoming too much. *Maybe he could rest for a few minutes...*

He closed his eyes.

And...

Then he felt a couple wet droplets of water on his face.

He must have had his eyes closed for a while (oops-) because the next thing he knew he was looking up at *George* who was hovering over him- tears streaming down his face. ***Thank god he's okay-*** although his heart still seized at the sight of thick tears running down the Brit's face. Wanting to make it all okay, Dream shakily raised a hand to George's face, attempting to brush his tears away from his cheekbones.

“-shhh... g..george ‘ts.. okay..” Dream croaked out, words slurring together a bit. He wouldn't lie, he wasn't doing great. He heard George blubber out some more panicked words before Dream hushed him again. He was going to be fine.. It was fine... George was fine so it was fine...

“..what do I do- Dream- I- I- don't know what to d-do,” George's voice faded in and out within Dream's ears, as he attempted his hardest to actually interpret what George was saying. He took a moment before he realized George was asking for *instructions* . And for once, Dream knew what to say.

“... m'be stop the blood- tha's what... wh- the p'lice told me...” he slurred, trying to lift his head to *see* George- to make sure he's okay- but he can't. His head weakly fell back as the burning in his stomach continued to send waves of pain that radiated through his body, as he remembered when he tried to stop the bleeding earlier. “I... can... could't do it... myself...” he admitted, hoping that

George puts two and two together that he was referring to stopping the blood that was still continuing to leak freely out of his chest.

Suddenly, George's voice came out panicked, "Shit- the police- I need to call the police you- you need help I-"

Dream hummed in annoyance to shut George up. He already *did* that- right now- as much as he hates to put this kind of pressure on George- he needs George to help him. He scrunched up his nose at the thought as he tried to reassure George that he doesn't need to worry about the police. "i.. al'red'y did... d... d'nt.. W'rry."

Things felt silent after that, and it sounded like George *left*? He dozed a little before he got to truly process that- and then the next thing he knew his body was being jostled before the aggravated pain that came with the jostling turned into white hot pain as pressure was applied to his stomach. He cried out in pain, but honestly it came out more as a whimper.

Dream registered that George said something in response- but through the ringing in his ears he couldn't hear him. He looked up at George's expression (which was now in his line of sight) and he frowned, noticing a gash across George's forehead, blood leaking out of it.

"...george..."

George looked at him with a questioning gaze, "What?" *What?* Did he not realize that he's bleeding?

"yo'r.. y.. you'r head..." Dream stated, the syllables catching in his throat as he coughed up some more blood once again - ***he was kinda hoping he was done doing that*** - he moved past it, knowing that commenting about it would only worry George more. Instead, he focused on the injury on George's forehead. "you..r.. h'rt..."

He then watched as George reached up to touch his forehead, as if he didn't even notice the blood dripping off his face. George's face scrunched up in some sort of expression before it loosened (things are a little too blurry for Dream to be able to properly define it), then the brunette speaks up.

"I'm fine it doesn't even hurt." George stated, "I'm worried about you right now."

Dream wanted to protest, wanted to tell George that it's not fine, and that he needs to go get that checked out. But honestly, as the blood continued to leak from his stomach and his vision darkened even more- he worried that he would fall asleep- and wouldn't wake up again.

“..g'orge...” he tried to call out, although it came out more as a gurgled mumble.

“Yeah?” George asked softly in response, the feeling of the brunette's fingertips brushing through his hair soothing him a little as it minorly distracts him from his injuries.

“.. t'll me... a s'try..” he requested, he wanted George to talk to him. He wanted to hear his sweet voice just in case he doesn't get to hear it again.

George's fingers pause.

“What?”

“a s'try..” Dream repeated quietly, his vocal cords begging him to stop talking, to give it a break, *to give up*.

The room stayed silent for what felt like a long time before George softly spoke up, “Do... Do you remember that day that we played PVP... on that one server?” he asked.

Honestly? Dream couldn't really remember much of anything right now, everything blurring together into one amalgamation of fuzziness- but not the good kind of fuzzy- the type of fuzzy you feel when you forget things, when you are in so much pain- and it gets hard to think.

He nodded anyway.

George started to talk after that, telling him his story. And Dream tried to listen, he swears. But sleep pulled at him heavily along with the urge to *let go*. So it became impossibly hard to listen- making it to where he could only catch a couple of things.

“... we kept on brawling, you kept on beating me- I still think you cheated by the way...”

“...I guess it's a day that I have chosen to remember because it was *fun*...”

“...That's one of the days I realized that I might actually like you. Not like- friends. But more than that...”

Wait what?

His brain, (that honestly, was probably very concussed), struggled to process those words. George continued to ramble on, but Dream honestly didn't care- as he came to terms with what George said.

George actually likes him. He likes him back.

He wanted to jump and skip and hop and celebrate- but immediately he was reminded of his condition when he attempted to move his body a little to see George better- George who was still rambling. He grimaced in retaliation to his body's screams at him. And as the darkness continued to encroach on his vision, he realized that it *might not matter* that George likes him- because ***he might not be making it out of this alive.***

And it hurt to come to that realization, but it was a very real possibility. He was aware that he was feeling his body shut down- and at this point he might be beyond saving.

So in that case he better pay his dues right? It might be now or never.

Dream strained his voice as he forced it to manifest once more, a soft mumble breaking through his lips.

“-g'orge...”

But George didn't seem to hear him, continuing to ramble nervously, as if he was trying to reassure someone.

He strained harder to be heard.

“-g..george.”

George continued to ramble, Dream grits his teeth

“**george...**” Dream strained, trying to project his voice as much as possible. It apparently did the trick as George fell silent, watching him intently. Dream struggled to speak as his body burned.

“..I..”

As he spoke his body protests- violent coughs racking his body- coughs that painfully dug at his throat and chest as blood gathered in his mouth, staining at his teeth.

But he needed to say what he needed to say. He needed to say it so bad cause he doesn't think that he's going to have another chance. He's not making it out of this-

“I...”

His vision threatened to blacken completely, only slivers of color in view at this point as his body burned but yet felt weightless at the same time as he spins- hes spinning right?- He's spinning as the black tugged at him, trying to convince him to rest. It was scary. He wanted to rest. but he's not done. He's not ready to go yet- not yet- he needed to say it. He needed to tell George- He put all of his energy into his voice as he tried his hardest to ensure that he projects his statement clearly- to ensure that George was able to hear it.

“.. *I love you..*”

Dream lets go.

Screaming rung out in his ears as his numb limbs are moved around- making him want to scream

out about a pain he can't feel.

*

The sound of sirens rung out, as urgent murmurs were discussed overhead.

*

His body was jostled as the world blurred, the white sky gridded apart but also meshing together as it zoomed past overhead.

*

As he blinked his eyes open, he spotted blurry figures in white. One pointed a blue blur at him, before black encroached on him once again.

*

The sounds of beeping and hissing were heard, and the feeling of plastic sat uncomfortably on his face.

*

“Clay?”

The first thing Dream was aware of, was the steady beeping sound, and the dull pain that radiated through his body.

The second thing Dream was aware of is the feeling of scratchy linen that rested under his arms,

and the light smell of disinfectant.

Dream tried to move- he needed to figure out where he was- he needed to get out of here- He needed to find George-

Oh god. *George.*

The moment that he even tried to move an inch, pain shot through his body again- but this time much more prominent over the dull pain that he was first greeted with.

He whimpered.

“Don’t move.” A baritone voice cut through the air in retaliation to Dreams' attempts.

Dream complied, as he stilled, but then instead put his energy in trying to open his eyes to try and locate where the voice came from. The process was long and grueling. Opening his eyes should not have taken this much effort. But eventually, he was able to lazily blink the blurriness out of his vision to be able to figure out who the voice was from, and where he was.

It took him no more than a few seconds to register where he was and who was talking to him.

He was at the hospital, and Dr. Johnson was talking to him with a clipboard in hand as he wrote something down.

Dream tried to ask if he knew where George was- ask if he's okay- ask if-

“Don’t try and speak- there's a tube down your throat.” Doctor Johnson cut him off before he could get a sound out.

Dream just stared at him. What? He wanted to raise his hand, to investigate his throat, to feel what the hell was invading his face and throat- but his arms were like lead. And even if he put all of his energy into it, he doubted he would even be able to lift more than a finger up.

He still wanted to know where George was- *If he was okay*- He looked at the Doctor forlornly, and he seemed to get the message as he spoke out.

“George is fine- he got treated a little over a week ago. Right now he is at the police station getting questioned, they’re also holding him till things are worked out.” The doctor glanced up at him from his writing, “You’re lucky to be alive.” He stated blandly.

Dreams mind reeled, George being *questioned*? For what? Maybe for the break-in but why would they hold him there?

The Doctor must have sensed his confusion (or god, probably just saw it written all over his face because he is NOT hiding his facial expressions very well). Because he spoke up once more.

“George is being held until they figure out if they need to press charges against him for the murder the person who broke into his home.” The Doctor elaborated, once again guessing what Dream *wanted* to say.

Murder ? Did- someone kill the girl-

Did George kill her?

“Unfortunately that's all I know. I can tell them that you are awake- in another day or two the tube should be taken out, and when you are ready, I think the police might pay you a visit to get some information regarding what happened.”

Dream wanted to respond, to nod, to question, *to anything*. But at the moment- he was essentially useless.

It was infuriating.

He wanted to know what happened. He wanted to know what happened to George- ***He should have never had to fight alone .***

Dream failed at protecting him. Again.

“I am going to leave you be- I recommend you get some sleep. I'm sure you agree with me that the sooner you recover the better. Because I am sure you are sick of hospitals at this point.”

Dream wanted to nod, to scoff sarcastically- but the look he gave the doctor seemed to suffice as he rolled his eyes. Doctor Johnson smiled at that, giving him a chuckle.

“Hey, that's the spirit. I'll be back to check on you soon. Press the call button if you need anything. A nurse should be in frequently to make sure you're alright.”

And then... he's alone.

Being alone like this felt terrible, not knowing what's going on, what happened, or what's going to happen. *Is George going to go to jail? How did George manage to kill her?* The idea of it was absurd- he didn't think George was physically *capable* of killing someone.

Dream would do anything to be able to move, to be able to walk, to be able to take care of himself. But no matter how much he wished or wanted that to be the case- it simply wasn't going to just *happen* .

So, with nothing else to do besides worry in silence, Dream eventually fell asleep again.

The next week or so was probably one of the most stupidly stressful weeks of his life.

One of the reasons why it was stupid, was because everything was happening so *slowly*.

Two days after he woke up he was able to downgrade from the ventilator to a nasal cannula which Dream quickly concluded was LEAUGES better than the stupid tube down his throat. After the thing was taken away however, it felt *really* weird. And it hurt to talk- his voice raspy from disuse and aggravation from the stupid tube he had in only a couple days prior.

A couple days later, once Dream was sure that he was able to talk without *dying* he allowed the police to come in to question him. And not only was that interrogation incredibly stressful and

trauma inducing (I mean come on, who enjoys walking through the few memories they have of being stabbed?), too **very** frustrating as the questions about George came his way.

*

“So you are sure that your friend wasn’t doing it out of malicious intent or for unlawful reasons?”

*“No!” Dream emphasized; annoyance picking at his tone at the accusation “That girl **attacked** us- stabbed me- and hurt George. He’s innocent. He didn’t do anything wrong.”*

*

But luckily, the whole thing went by relatively quickly, unluckily, Dream was once again, left alone to his own devices.

At some point a couple days later, Dream had his phone returned to him from a police officer, explaining it was found discarded on the scene and had to be taken as evidence until they were sure it had no part in the crime.

Other than quickly checking his messages, and sending a quick message to his family and Sapnap that he was okay, he couldn’t bring himself to use the damn thing.

Not after the last time he used it, he was bleeding out of his stomach while desperately calling the police for help.

His time at the hospital consisted of a lot of sleeping and just staring off into space and *thinking*. Other than when the nurses and the Doctor came in to talk to him for the most part he was alone. And it **sucked**. He missed George's laugh, his smile, his jokes as he tells Dream he's an idiot.

He told George that he loved him.

Honestly, the action itself was very much a last-ditch-effort-im-dying-goodbye type ordeal. At that point, he didn’t think he was going to live. **He thought he was dead-** But, he can't say that even now that he sits, alive and well, that regrets doing it. No, he’s still happy he did- even if George

didn't feel the same. Although- of what he can vaguely recall he thinks that there's a chance that he did. But he didn't want to get his hopes up on that either. Not until he actually had the chance to *see* George.

God, he wished he could see him.

Two days later, he had the best visitor he could have ever asked for.

Doctor Johnson finished up his checkup early in the morning, writing the last few things down on his clipboard before he spoke to Dream.

"After I leave, would you be up to having a visitor?" The Doctor asked patiently.

Dream gave him a look- I mean, sure? I mean, he was already bored out of his mind anyway so what would it hurt to see someone new?

"Yeah- I should be fine with that." He stated softly, still cautious to not raise his voice too much, since his throat was still recovering.

The Doctor nodded as he tucks the clipboard under his arm.

"Great. I will send them in soon then."

And then... once again. Dream was alone.

It took 20 minutes until the door finally creaked open.

Dream honestly thought it might be a nurse, considering how much they have been coming in and out for the past week and a half. So as he looked out the window watching some birds hop up on the windowsill, he didn't turn to face the person entering.

Until they said his name, in the most recognizable voice Dream had ever heard.

“Dream..?”

Dream whipped his head to the door.

There, standing in the doorway was George. George, who had an arm in a sling. George, who had stitches across his forehead. George, who looked like he hadn't even changed out of the hoodie he was wearing the day everything went so so wrong-

But it was George- *George was here.*

“GEORGE!” Dream yelled with a relieved smile, voice cracking a bit at the volume but he didn't care.

Tears immediately welled up in the brunette's eyes, as he choked on a sob that escaped him as he put a hand over his mouth. He then crossed the room to Dream's bedside where the blond was offering his arm out, as an invitation. One that George quickly accepted as he collapsed into Dream's side (the Brit noticeably avoiding his middle- but- the side still *did* hurt. But Dream bit his tongue at the slight increase of pain. He wasn't going to tell George that).

“I lost you- t-thought I-I lost y-you.” George hiccupped out as he gasped between sobs. “I- I thought-t I- I- ***I thought I lost you Dream.***” George brokenly gasped as he sounded like a broken record. His words stabbed into Dream's heart both due to the pure agony in George's voice, all the way to the idea of how distraught George sounded due to the idea of *him being gone.*

A tear slipped down Dream's cheek as he held George a little tighter.

“Please don't do that to me again- I can't- I- I can't- you can't *do that.* I can't lose you p-please- I'm not ready to let you g-go.”

Another set of tears leaked from Dream's eyes as his heart twisted at hearing George's agony- his pain. As he wished he could do something to make it better, he reached a hand up from his hug to softly run his fingers through George's messy locks in a comforting way. The blond let out a shuddering breath as he tried to reassure the brunette.

“Shhh... George it’s alright- I’m okay-“

George sobbed even harder at Dreams hushed reassurance.

Dream shushed him some more as he as George calmed down a fraction as he started to whisper broken apologies.

“*I’m sorry-*“ he gasps “*I’m so so s-sorry- I- I’m- I’m so sorry.*”

“George it’s *okay-* I’m ***fine-*** it’s all over we made it... you didn’t do anything wrong.”

“No- I- ***no-*** its- it’s not o-okay.” George retorted with a shaky- reprimanding voice. Dream himself, whose tired limbs wrapped around George, as he rocked him, tears still continuing to roll down his face silently- couldn’t bring himself to argue.

They stayed like that for a while as they both continued to cry- Georges sobs painfully loud while Dreams were agonizingly quiet. Brit trembling like a leaf in the Americans grasp, fingers holding onto the blonds shirt with a death grip- if he let go, Dream would simply disappear. And eventually the brunette would taper off of his apologies, leaving silence in the air that would only be interrupted by their gasping breaths as they failed to pull themselves together. But eventually, after who knows how long (it felt like hours) they finally managed to catch their breath.

Dream hadn’t stopped running his fingers through George’s hair since he first started holding onto him. It was a physical comfort that they both needed, an active reminder that Dream is alive and moving- not some corpse passed out on the floor. George’s breath finally evened out to a slow rhythm of inhales and exhales signifying that for the most part he had calmed down.

Dream frowned to himself as he held onto George in his arms. He *needed* to ask what happened, but he didn’t want to break this- he didn’t want to make George upset again.

“.. George..?” Dream hesitantly asked, the Brit hummed into his shoulder as a response.

Dream took a deep breath.

“After I got stabbed... What *happened* ?”

George immediately stiffened.

Dream honestly didn't expect the brunette to respond after that response- expected him to stay silent or deflect. But suddenly George's voice whispered out in the quietest tone he's ever heard;

“... *I killed her.*”

Dream's heart sank. He already kind of knew that, but it hurt so much worse hearing it come from George.

“I... are they gonna do anything to you for that? Are you in trouble-“

George shook his head as he pulled away from Dream slightly.

“No... they declared it as a justifiable homicide. So they let me go. I think it still goes on my record however.” he monitonely stated.

Dream relaxed at that, relief flushing through him, “That's... that's great!” He lets out a nervous chuckle, “That means you can go home.”

He was so relieved that things ended up working out okay.. when Dream woke up to find out that George was having charges pressed against him he was *terrified*. The thing about it though... Dream wasn't so much 'terrified' over what George did... but more over- what would happen if George pled *guilty*.

Dream wasn't ready to lose him like that.

George stayed silent in response, instead of nodding, or smiling, or laughing as he shook his head. George stayed still- grief in his expression as a singular tear rolled down his face. Concern pulled at Dream once more.

“George..?”

George’s chocolate brown eyes looked up to face him, shimmering as wetness stayed barely contained within them. His lip trembled a little as he looked at Dream forlornly- Dream who reached a hand up to lightly brush some of the dark hairs out of the Brit’s face as he spoke.

“What’s wrong?” He asked softly, and immediately George’s gaze dropped downwards towards his lap, as he failed to keep the water collecting behind his eyes at bay. He lets out a shuddering breath.

“I’m a monster, Dream.” George states softly, as if he was telling the blond some unfortunate truth.

Dream couldn’t find any truth in that statement.

“George- no your not- yo-“

“Dream. I killed someone.” George interrupted. “Someone *died* at my hands because I wanted them too- because I was *mad* at them..”

Dream frowned at him, “You did what you had to.”

“It didn’t need to be done.” George retorted as he stared at his own palms, which were slightly trembling, as if they still had blood on them. Dream reached over and held onto one of George's hands as the Brit tried to steady his breath, and continued talking. “I wasn’t going to even fight it, the charges that is- because I know I deserved it. I... she was young you know- she was 20. Right around our age.. it.. it seemed only fair that since I took away someone’s future the consequences of my actions would be the dictators of mine. It... it wasn’t like I really had anywhere to go anyway.” George trailed off with a furrowed brow as he looked off into space, “That was... until the officers told me that you were alive. I thought they were messing with me at first. That it was some sort of sick prank they were pulling on their newest murderer in captivity. Because it’s what a murderer deserves right?” He let out an empty chuckle, “It wasn’t until they gave me more information I realized that they actually were being serious. That you actually *somehow* survived everything. That you were actually okay- recovering in some hospital room all alone, because I wasn’t there for you.”

George sighed, as he moved his thumb gently across Dream's hand in his grasp, “So, I asked them if I could go see you, even if it was only for a few minutes. And... They told me no, because I was

having charges being pressed against me for murder- and if I was pled guilty was going to have to go to jail- and I wasn't going to be allowed to see you." Dream didn't miss the droplet of water that softly landed on the back of his hand. He didn't waver in his gaze, however, he continued to look at George with a sympathetic expression.

"George..?" he asked softly. The Brit kept going.

"-So I fought against the charges. I used my one phone call on calling Quackity for some legal advice and help with getting a lawyer. And then it was a lot of interrogations and legal stuff and looking through evidence.. which, granted, was very easy to use in my favor considering the photos on her phone and also the letter she left at my house... the other side also didn't put up much of a fight if I'm being honest- her... it seemed liked parents didn't care all too much- it seemed like they didn't know she was gone. But... eventually things worked out and it was ruled as a justified homicide like I said- which was what we were working towards... I got out early this morning." George tapers off.

That was... a lot to take in.

For starters, Dream felt so bad that George had to go through all of that- *none of this was his fault*- so having him be held so long just seems... absurd. Although he was relieved that things worked out in the end, even if it took awhile. But one part of what George said that rubbed him the wrong way burned as it manifested in the form of a question.

George wasn't going to fight against the charges?

Why- George was going to just *let* them charge him for a crime he didn't commit? He wasn't even going to try to plead his innocence?

"You... you were going to let them just put you in jail for murder?"

George looked up to face him, a numb expression resting over his features, "I mean, that's what I deserve isn't it?"

"George- " Dream pleaded, "You *don't* deserve that- not even close. You've been terrorized for months you deserve a break- you deserve safety. You deserve the chance to *heal*. Not- not *prison*." Dream took George's other hand into his own, and he lightly gave both of them a squeeze. "You probably have already heard this before at this point but you are one of the brightest, kindest, and

most *selfless* people I know. You're someone I care about- someone I couldn't do without. And I've never seen you want to hurt someone, hell, I've never seen you even fathom it. You're a great person, George. And great people like you don't deserve prison. They deserve to be loved and cared for- and I'm so sorry that that hasn't happened for you yet. But we both made it out. We're *both* okay. And once we get out of here we're going to make sure that you aren't alone again. Okay?"

As he looked at George's expression, the brunette once again looked like he was .2 seconds away from breaking. Dream once again allowed George to fall into his chest before wrapping his arms around the older, trying to provide the comfort George needs and most *definitely* deserves.

"... I thought you left me." George whispered, and Dream tightened his hold as he buried his nose in George's hair as he rested his chin on top of the brunette's head. His next words came out slightly muffled, but they both hear it all the same.

"I'd never leave you alone George. I'll always be right by your side. *Always.* "

Once George visited for the first time, he basically never left.

The Brit had unofficially claimed the plastic chair off to the side of the room as his own, sitting in it whenever he wasn't walking around or sitting on the hospital bed next to Dream.

At first, Dream noticed that George seemed to be afraid of being in his personal space (Probably out of fear of injuring the blond). So after about two nights of George trying to sleep in an uncomfortable ass hospital chair (Dream would know, he sat in one of those things for *weeks*), The blond decided to offer George the opportunity to lay with him on the bed over in the plastic chair. And reluctantly, George accepted.

It quickly became a routine of theirs after that.

The moonlight from the window ahead of them softly poured into the room that they were staying in, illuminating the room with a dim bluish hue. The only sounds in the room being the beeping of Dreams heart monitor, and the soft sound of the two of them breathing in the night air.

Dream looked off to the side glancing over the all too familiar counters of the room. At this point,

Dream was certain he had everything in here memorized, having not had a scenery change in a *long time*. When you avoid your phone, it is very easy for you to fall into more desperate measures when you get bored.

The American just enjoyed the nighttime, it was quiet, it was peaceful, and it gave him the time that he needed to think, because for the most part, everyone was asleep.

Speaking of which he was about 95% sure that the Brit laying next to him was most definitely asleep.

As Dream sat, he thought of his trip to London, about how from the moment that he stepped off the plane everything took a turn for the worst- and nothing went according to plan. He thought about how terrified he was, about how worried he was for George, about how sad he felt as he saw George struggling- but was unable to do much about it.

But yet, despite all of that, there also was so much good happening between the two of them. They actually talked for once, they were able to laugh in each others presence, they had a chance to admit how they felt, hell, they *met in person*-

His thought process was abruptly cut off by the silence of the night being broken.

“Dream?” An accented voice next to him suddenly cut into the night air- the blond flinching as he was caught off guard. He turned to face the brunette beside him, who was most definitely, not asleep.

He said 95% sure.

“...Yeah?” He asks hesitantly. Emerald eyes meeting chocolate in the dimly lit room.

George shifted nervously, “Did you.. mean what you said the day that.. Uh.. everything happened..?”

Dream brows furrowed, recalling the day of *the incident* as he combed through what he said to see if he could pinpoint what exactly George was referring to (Because let's be honest, Dream said a lot that day). Although after spending a minute to think, Dream quickly realized that it didn't *matter* what exactly George was referring to, because Dream meant it *all*. There wasn't a single thing he

said that day that wasn't true- not a single thing he didn't *truly mean*.

"Yeah. I meant everything that I said." He stated honestly, before his brow furrowed a little at George, "Did you?"

George seemed to actually consider the question for the moment- an action Dream might have seen as concerning if he didn't just do the same thing a few seconds prior. After a beat George nodded, looking back up at Dream.

"Yeah. I meant what I said."

A pause grew between the two of them as the room fell quiet again.

"So theoretically." George started, "if I were to ask you out now... you would still say yes?"

Dream chuckled, "Are you trying to ask me out right now?"

"Answer the question Dream," George drawled.

"Well, under the theoretical circumstance that you *did* ask me out. I would probably say yes... so yes, I would." He stated, with a slight smirk on his face.

George nervously fiddled with a loose string on the edge of the hospital gown, stalling as Dream silently waited for him to speak. Eventually, George spoke up again.

"So. Uhm." George began, a soft red tint appearing on his skin as he struggled to find the words he was looking for. "Dream, uh, Do you maybe want to go out with me..?" The brunette asked with a painful amount of hesitancy- as if despite all of the blond's reassurance, he still believed that Dream was going to say no.

Dream gave him a smile, interlacing his right hand with the brunette's left, before locking eyes with the older, "George- yes, I would love to go out with you."

George smiled back, before he rolled his eyes, “Finally, took you long enough.”

Dream scrunched up his nose, scoffing, “What's that supposed to mean?”

“You really made me have to be the one to ask because you were too chicken to! I mean, *come on Dream*, you told the hospital I was your boyfriend before you had the balls to tell me!” George raises his voice a little as he laughs, Dream tries his hardest to contain his laughing to prevent aggravating the injury in his stomach. Instead, covering his mouth to take a moment to chuckle as he recovers, then he raised an eyebrow at George.

“Does this mean I get to tell Sapnap you're my boyfriend?”

George scoffs jokingly “You can try, but I doubt he would actually listen. The man has had eyes for me since the beginning, because I am so cool,”

“Okayyy whatever you say Georgie.” Dream exaggerated, leaning his head back on the pillow behind him, George following suit by resting his head against his shoulder.

And silence fell between them once more, George leaned up against him just like it was moments before everything went to hell.

It felt good, to get everything off his chest. To finally, have the feelings between him and George solidified- to finally be able to call George his *boyfriend*.

Dream didn't regret what he said that day, no, not at all. Every bit and piece of it was full of the raw truth, he loved George and he was willing to die for him, if that's what it took. And he wanted to ensure that George knew that that's the way that he felt- that no matter what, the brunette can rely on him. Because he wants George to feel *safe*- and he wants George to know that he's *cared about*.

And in the end? He thinks that he accomplished that goal. So no, he didn't regret doing what he had to.

The only thing he did regret, was the fact that he didn't tell George sooner, that he hadn't told him in a time where he *wasn't* two seconds away from dying.

And he wanted to be able to say these things, just in passing when he knows they are both safe. When they both are able to actually process it. When they know that he really means it- and it's not just a 'last words' scenario as he believed that he's going to die, and might not get the chance again.

He looked over at George, who was lazily staring at the window ahead of them.

“George.”

The brunette's gaze snapped to face him, the Brit moving away enough to be able to face him with a furrowed brow but also an unidentifiable look in his eyes as he carefully watched Dream. The American squeezed his hand lightly, as a reassurance, a reminder, that he was there- there for him. The Brit squeezed back lightly. Dream's heart felt like it was beating out of his chest as butterflies gathered in his stomach. His expression softens, and he gave George the most sincere look he could possibly give,

“I love you,”

Immediately, George's concentrated expression broke as an expression of both grief and love all at the same time, the Brit's lip trembling and honestly? It looked like he was about to cry.

“I love you too.” George stated with the most sincerity that he has ever heard from him. The words seem to bring back a painful memory for George as they came from the heart.

After staring at one another for a moment, Dream offered out his arms slightly, allowing George to move to tuck himself up against his chest for a hug. The brunette complied, slowly moving to lean his chin on Dream's shoulder, being very mindful of the blond's injuries. George nestled his nose into the crook of Dream's neck. They wrapped their arms around one another and relished in the contact, enjoying one another's presence for once without a care in the world. Things turned out alright. Yeah, they weren't okay, but they were together, and being there for each other, they knew they would get better eventually.

Suddenly, George pulled back a couple inches, causing his arms to drop a little but not really leave- as they had enough distance to make eye contact with one another.

Dream gave the Brit a concerned look, “Are you okay?” He asked softly.

George nodded, silently glancing over Dream's expression and in return, Dream did the same. Soft tingling going off through his spine and limbs, moving all the way up to his head- making him feel all jittery and nervous. George was looking for something, but he wasn't exactly sure what. As they looked at one another, they must have migrated closer to one another- because the next thing Dream knew they had collided into one another. Foreheads leaning against one another while the tips of their noses touched.

Dream sighed as he gripped the fabric of the back of George's hoodie, his eyes fluttering closed. George must not have minded because he hummed lightly, unmoving.

They must have stayed like that for a couple moments because George's whispering voice barely broke through the fuzzy haze Dream was in,

"Are *you* okay?"

His eyes fluttered open to look at George, moving back a fraction to where they were just a few inches apart, "Yeah, are you?"

George hummed in affirmation, staying still for a moment before his gaze glanced down at Dream's lips briefly before looking up once more.

Ah, he knew what George wanted.

George must have noticed Dream came to the realization, because softly he asks the hesitant question, mumbling into the quiet night air.

"...can I?"

Dream's smile twitched a fraction, as he looked up at George's chocolate brown eyes with a gaze that was full of pure adoration.

"Of course."

And with that, hesitantly, the two of them move the last couple inches before their lips collide and immediately the feeling was electric. Pure elation filled Dream's heart and mind as he and George connected for the first time, the anticipation built up over weeks releasing in an instant. After a moment, the Brit pulled away, looking down at the American with half lidded eyes. Dream could feel that his face was bright red and George let out a chuckle as he admired the blond's flushed skin.

"Been waiting for that a while have you?" George jokingly asked, a slight smirk gracing his features.

"Shut uppp" Dream whined, bringing his arms up in an attempt to cover his face. George softly laughed again and pulled Blond's hands away, placing them back to where they sat before, wrapped around him. George looked back at him lovingly and leaned in for another kiss. This one was softer, less rushed, but still just as passionate. Dream moved his hands up to the brunette's hair and played with it as they kissed, George humming in delight.

After a few moments, they softly pulled away from one another, gazes locking as emerald meets chocolate, both expressions holding the same love for one another. Nothing needed to be said between the pair as George collapsed again against Dream's chest. They didn't need any confirmation, or reassurance, or confession to one another, because they already had told each other how they felt. If not through the constant reminders that were verbally uttered over the past two weeks- then it was through the electric touch that came with them finally being able to truly feel one another at the next level, and the ability to be comfortable with it. Dream smiled at the brunette as he snuggled closer into his chest.

So, Dream let his eyes flutter close as his nose picked up the scent of George's vanilla shampooed hair; and his arms softly draped across George's back while one of his hands stayed lightly tangled in the brits hair. He let himself relax, George doing much of the same, before he fell asleep against one another under the moonlight gazing through the window.

###

Nerves culled in George's stomach as he followed Dream, who was wheeling a suitcase behind him. They walked past crowds of people buzzing around, heading to their own destinations. George examined the signs of all the different destinations at the boarding gates, when suddenly Dream slowed to a stop, turning to face George.

"You got everything?" He questioned as he glanced at George's bag that he had been dragging along behind him. George pulled it forward to stand it up on all 4 of its wheels as he smiled at Dream.

“Of course I do, I'm not an idiot.”

Dream chuckled, shaking his head, “Now now, don't get too ahead of yourself.” George rolled his eyes in response to that.

“Dream, at this point, if I forgot anything it would be too late to retrieve it.”

“Oh don't test me George- you don't know the limits to my determination.”

George scoffed, “Yeah, sure, but I know the limits to your stupidity. And the idea of you running out of this airport right now seems extremely stupid, even for you.”

Dreams brow furrowed, “What's that supposed to mean?”

“Don't worry about it,” George snorted, before he continued walking, the two of them finishing the trek to their assigned gate.

They sat down in an open set of chairs as they waited for boarding to start. George's leg bounced as anxiety poked at him. He was leaving the U.K. He had *never* done that before.

While Dream was still hospitalized, the two of them started to talk about what exactly was going to *happen* when he inevitably got out. Where were they going to go? Were they going to go back to George's flat? Could they even handle going back there? Does Dream go back home? Do they have to part ways after *everything* that's happened? Once the conversation was started it was just question after question and hurdle after hurdle.

To put it simply, it was a very complex conversation.

Luckily though, hospitalization gave you plenty of time to kill. So after a lot of brainstorming, and a couple breakdowns, the two of them had settled on a plan.

And that plan included them both leaving London.

Honestly it wasn't a hard decision to come too, the idea of going back to live alone in his own flat - especially the flat that he *currently owned* - was something he simply couldn't stomach. He didn't want to be alone, infact, at the moment he *couldn't* be alone. Call him codependent- but he quickly realized that as of late, the moment Dream was out of sight anxiety would grip at him and it would be a battle not to spiral into a panic attack right then and there. It was always either he was going to die- or Dream was dead- or the people around him are dead, and he was the one who killed them-

That last delusion was especially hard to deal with.

So, when Dream pitched the idea of George coming with him to America to stay at his place with him, George would be embarrassed to admit how quick he was to accept.

After that decision was made it became a game of working out the logistics of Visas and plane tickets, and medical paperwork as they both technically were still under treatment. Turns out, Visas were a nightmare. For starters, he hated to admit that even though they are leaving, they are still working on the logistics of getting that sorted out for good. And it also became the question of how George was going to get the rest of his stuff, because it was all still in his flat .

He didn't end up gaining the courage to go back until after Dream was completely discharged from the hospital so they could go grab his stuff together. And even then, he's pretty sure he had at least *two* panic attacks trying to get his essentials together. Overall the whole experience is a blur because he's pretty sure for over half of it he could barely breathe.

But they got most of his stuff out. They stayed at a hotel after that.

After everything, it was obvious that neither of them were okay. Both of them were not only recovering physically (Dream specifically was on a shit ton of medication, and is still limited in his ability to do stuff), and mentally. It was quickly acknowledged that George's panic attacks were possibly becoming a chronic thing that came with PTSD, which was something that was hard to comes to terms with, because George wanted to be okay so badly, but it was all too often that he would be doing fine- and then suddenly was having Dream holding his hand to his chest as tried to bring George back from the nightmarish hellscape that is his *head* (a thing that has very much become a routine between the two of them, and also a thing that scared Dream half to death almost every time). Beyond that, the guilt of killing someone was soul crushing. Since the incident- people had been telling him that it was out of 'self-defense' or that it 'needed to be done'. Dream in particular pointed out that if George didn't do what he did, there was a chance that he might not have gotten to the blond in time, which could have inevitably ended up in his passing. But, no matter what everyone told him, every single time he looked into the mirror all he could see was *a murderer*. Because that's what he was, there was no way around it.

Sometimes even, his own reflection could cause him to fall into a panic attack.

But that's one of the reasons why they were going to America. George couldn't heal here, and neither could Dream.

That didn't make him any less nervous about leaving though.

Light pressure was applied to his knee, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"George," Dream stated softly, watching him carefully. "Are you okay?"

George looked at Dream, making eye contact with the younger while he considered the question. Was he okay at the moment? Sure, for the most part. But was he actually *okay*? If he was being honest, not really.

He looked down slightly, "No... but I will be."

Dream silenced at that, he looked down as well, softly nodding in acknowledgement. After the two of them talked- *and kissed*- the need for extensive conversation between the two of them wasn't really warranted anymore. They knew what each other meant- for the most part- and even if they didn't, the attempt to be more open towards one another was something that the two of them emphasized as something that they needed to do if they wanted this relationship to work out. They both want to help each other- but they can't do that if they hold their emotions behind closed doors. They were there for each other, they cared about one another- and despite George's misgivings towards himself, he was ready to acknowledge those facts. He believed Dream.

Dream softly tapped George's hand, and when the brunette looked up, Dream offered his hand, looking at George with a soft but concerned expression. George took the offer, his fingers interlacing with the American as the blond then softly started to massage the back of George's hand with his thumb.

George continued to think, processing not only the events prior but also the events to come- when suddenly, their flight was called to board. George tensed, and Dream looked over at him, silently waiting as he gave the Brit time to speak- George sighed, as he tried to gather himself.

"I'm scared-" George admitted, and Dream gave him an expression of understanding, an expression

of comfort, an expression with a promise.

“We’re going to be alright. We’re in this together, okay?” He assured- finality in his tone.

“Okay-” George whispered as he nodded and Dream lightly squeezed his hand. Then they stood, gathering their things to head to the gate.

They board the plane together.

And about 10 hours later, they were greeted by the Florida heat, the promise to heal, and a brown haired Texan that was going to kill them himself for taking so long to get there.

Chapter End Notes

And there you have it. YNHTBA is completed.

This chapter is an apology for chapter 16 LMAO (/hj) I am so sorry I did that to you guys but its fineeee the character death was for the stalker not dream- b u t.

Also for credit: Saturn (my beta) pretty much wrote the kissing scene, because I am bad at fluff and they were able to make it alot better/more satisfying.

Feel free to DM me on discord or whatever, my server link is:
<https://discord.gg/7E4GknXbTk>

But yeah- thank you guys so much for the support, the kind comments, and just the patience you guys were willing to give me. This story was a huge project for me, and one that I am so glad I pulled through in the end. This year has been extremely rough for me- but I am just glad that despite everything I got through it. And I am confident and ready to do more-

You don't have too. but I am starting up a new book called "In The Stormiest Of Nights You Can Be My Hero" its a superhero fic with main characters Dream and Tommy, and theres a little DNF off to the side. Its a duo fic with my friend History, make sure to read the tags, but we have alot planned and it is consistent with weekly updates. You can find my POV here:
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/36033352/chapters/89822746> If not, thank you so much for just, being here, and finishing it. I know it took me forever.

Thank you Saturn for being my wonderful beta, who had to tough it out against my inability to understand past and present tense- and thank you History in particular, for all the support and motivation towards the end, along with the friendship that has started to blossom between us (that word feels too fancy but I am too lazy to fix it so you get ~fancy~ word.) Let's make Stormy nights a good one.

Thanks again everybody. Stay safe <3

Hello! I got some news

Chapter Summary

Just want to let you guys know about some YNHTBA developments for those who only follow the story itself

Chapter Notes

Hii!!! I hope everyone is doing well <3 I am just real quick spreading some news about the new series I have created for this fic!!! Basically, if you want more YNHTBA content I am planning on adding oneshots and maybe someday a sequel to the series :D If you arent interested thats fine, but I thought id spread the word for those who are.

I hope you guys have a great summer!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hey!

I hope all of you are doing well, and I want to thank you guys again for sticking with me throughout the developemnt of this fic (Which is done, btw)

HOWEVER:

You may or may not have noticed, this fic has been added to a series, specifically, a new series.

The reasoning behind this is that I am planning on making stuff for this like, AU, A bunch of oneshots (specifically this month) and then maybe a sequel one day. Sooo if you are looking more YNHTBA content; think about following this series!

YNHTBA Series: <https://archiveofourown.org/series/2936052>

Specifically, I just released the oneshot Broken Dreams:
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/39381996>

Beyond that~ IF you are just looking for some more of my writing in general. I HIGHLY Recommend checking out Stormy Nights, which is my new multichapter. It is Tommy and Dream centric (Depending on which POV you read). I am writing Tommys POV while my friend history is writing Dreams POV. Its a superhero vigilante fic, but Tommy is an orphan who has a bad foster home life, so uh, you know, knowing me thats gonna be a doozey. I just finished writing a 11k+ chapter for it. sooo yeah. good stuff :) again, if you arent interested no worries, but if you are, now you know :D

Stormy Nights: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/36033352/chapters/89822746>

ohohohoh ALSO:

Join my discord: <https://discord.gg/7E4GknXbTk>

I hope you all are doing well <3

Chapter End Notes

note: I probably will delete this chapter in like; a week lol

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!